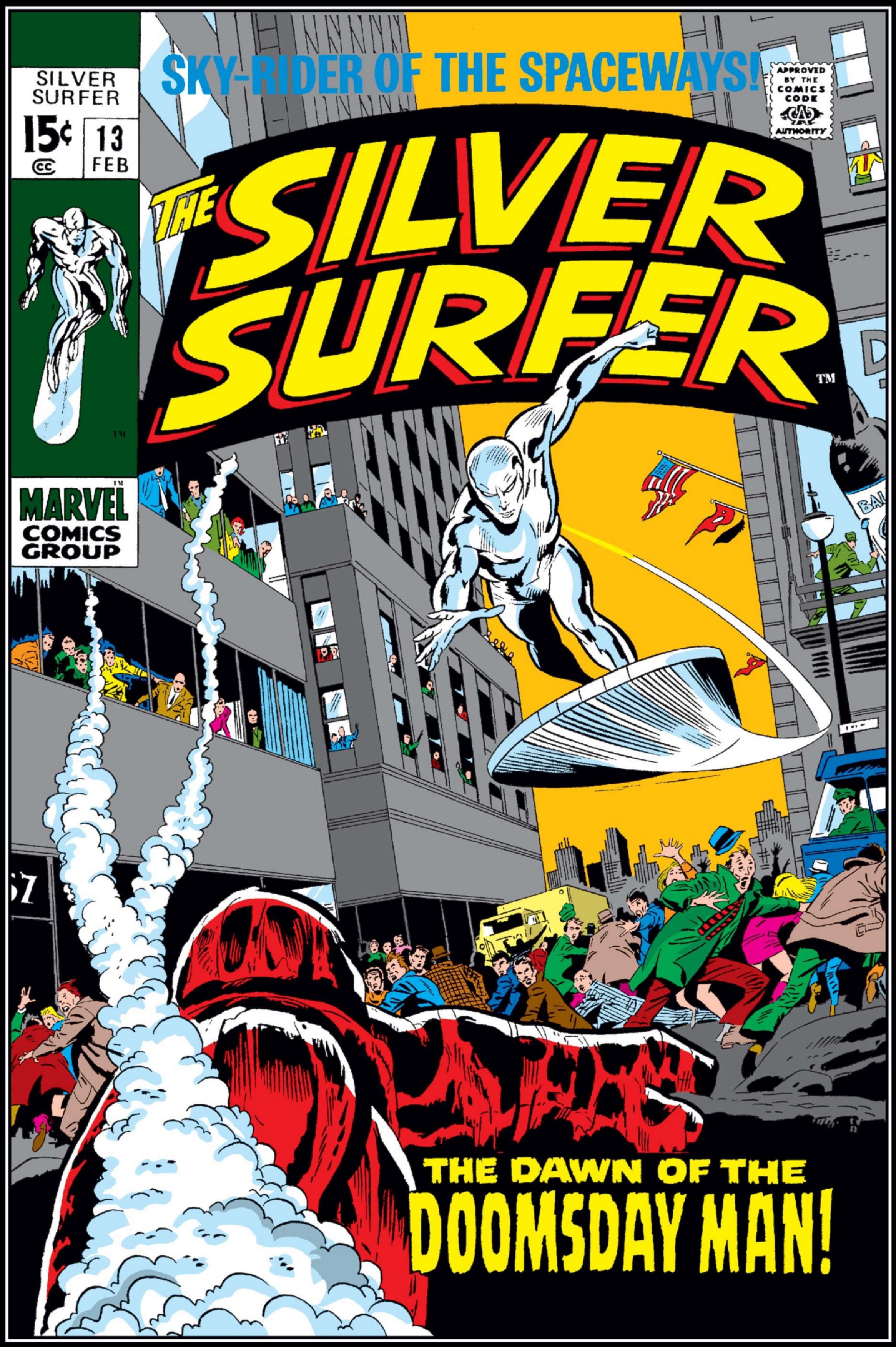
SKY-RIDER OF THE SPACEWAYS!
SILVER SURFER
15¢
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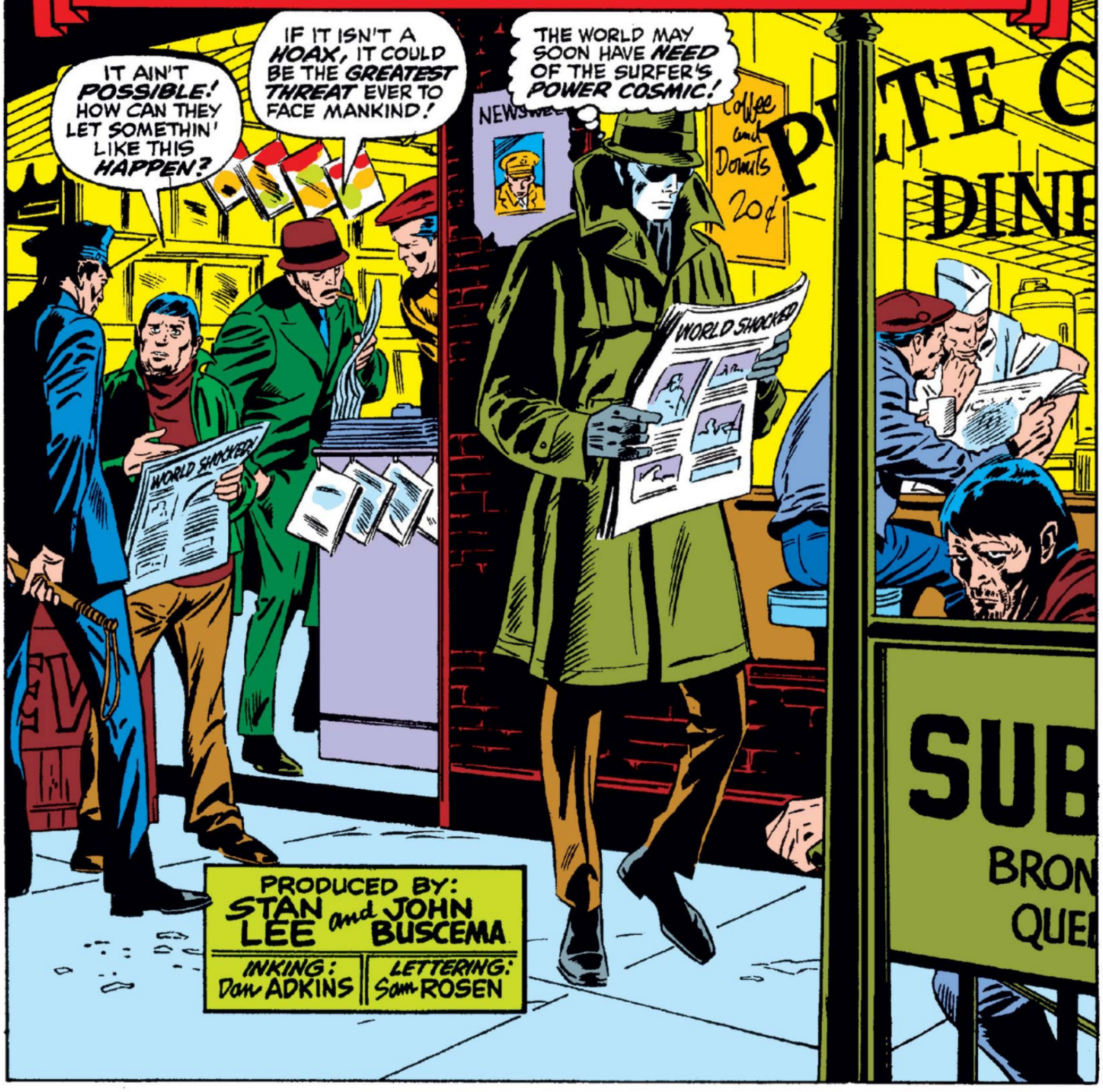
FEB
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE SILVER SURFER
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE DAWN OF THE
DOOMSDAY MAN!

THE SILVER SURFER™

THE DAWN OF THE DOOMSDAY MAN!



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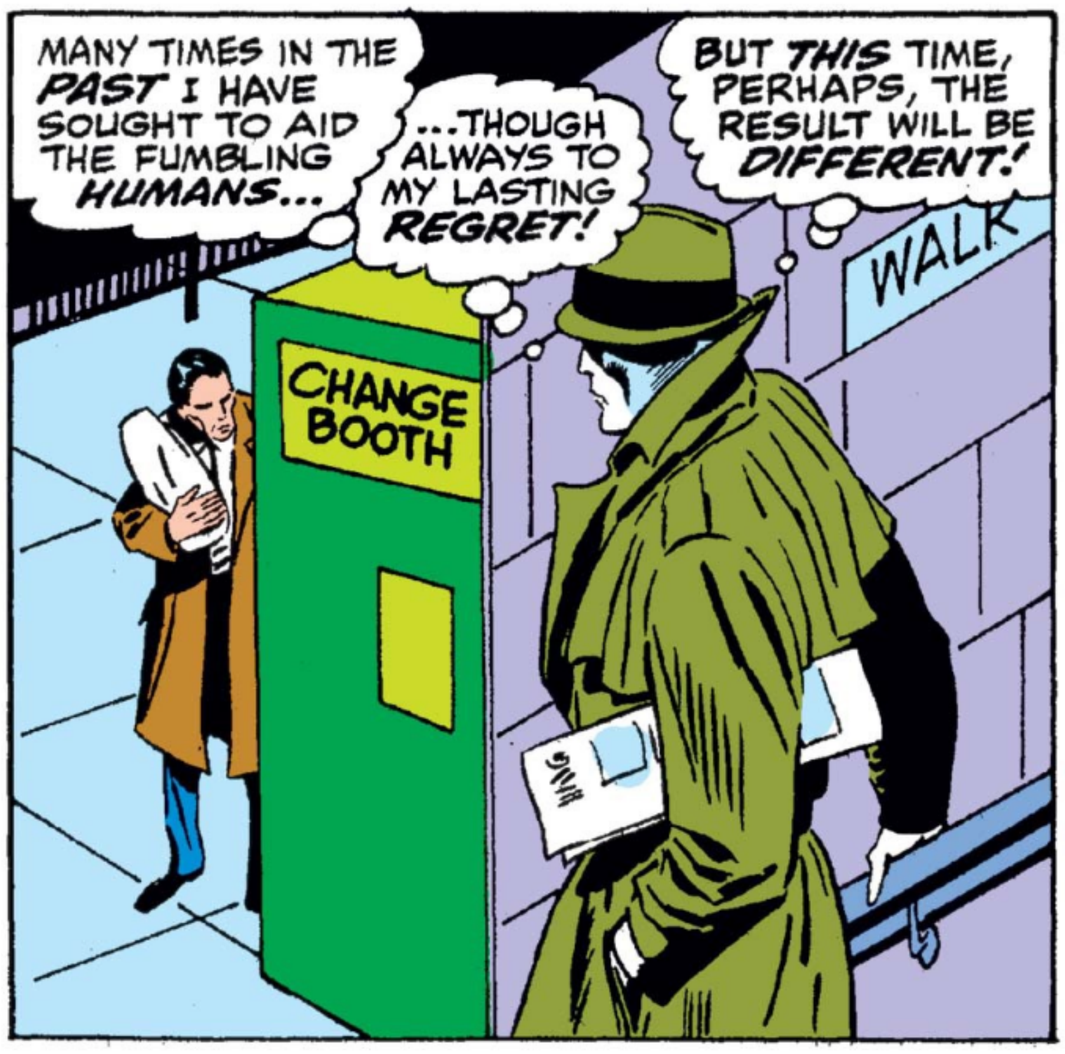
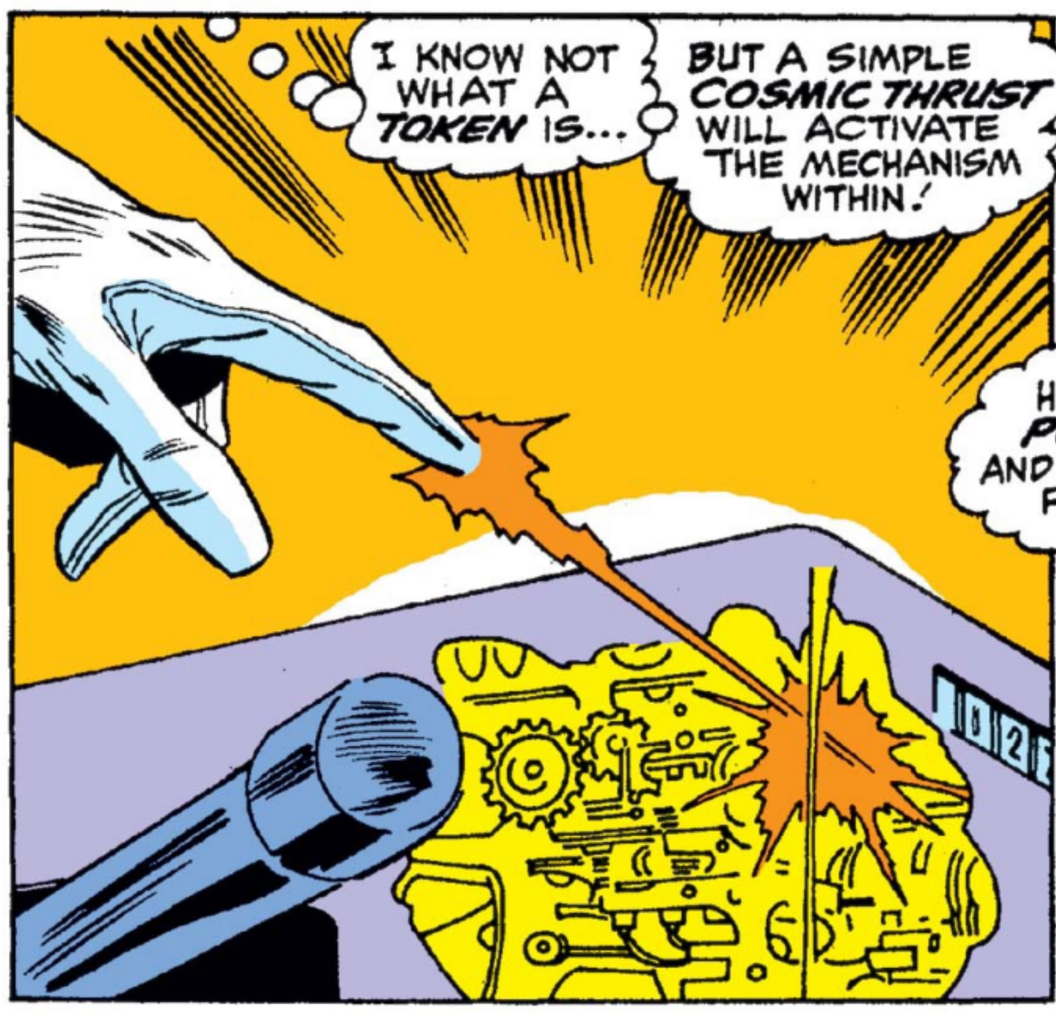

MANY TIMES IN THE PAST I HAVE SOUGHT TO AID THE FUMBLING HUMANS...
...THOUGH ALWAYS TO MY LASTING REGRET!
BUT THIS TIME, PERHAPS, THE RESULT WILL BE DIFFERENT!
CHANGE BOOTH
WALK

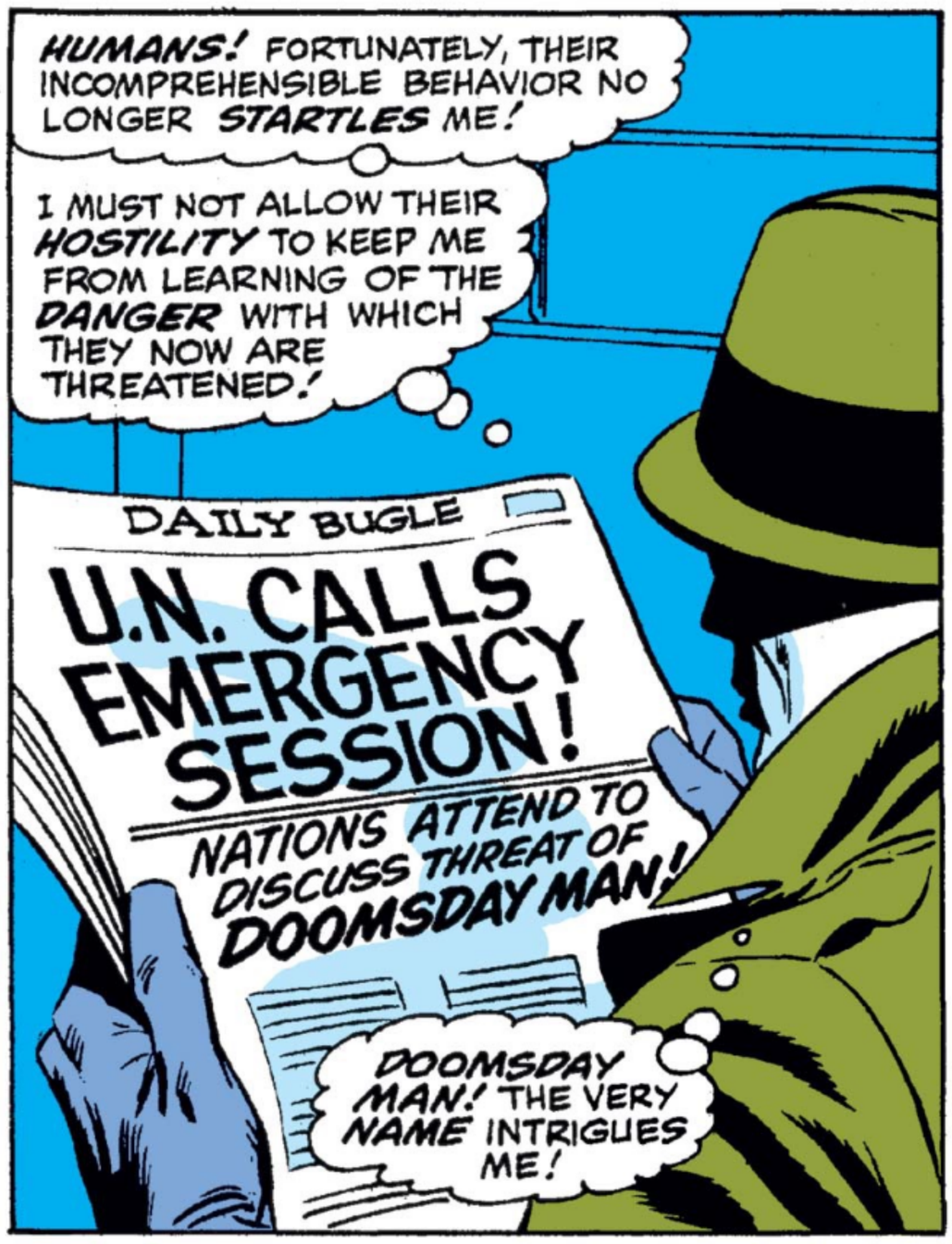
AT ANY RATE, I CANNOT STAND IDLY BY, WHILE THE DANGER···WHA··??
HOW CAN I BOARD A TRAIN IF THE TURNSTILE DOES NOT MOVE?
HEY! WAKE UP THERE, MAC! YOU FORGOT TO DROP YOUR TOKEN IN!
CHANGE BOOTH

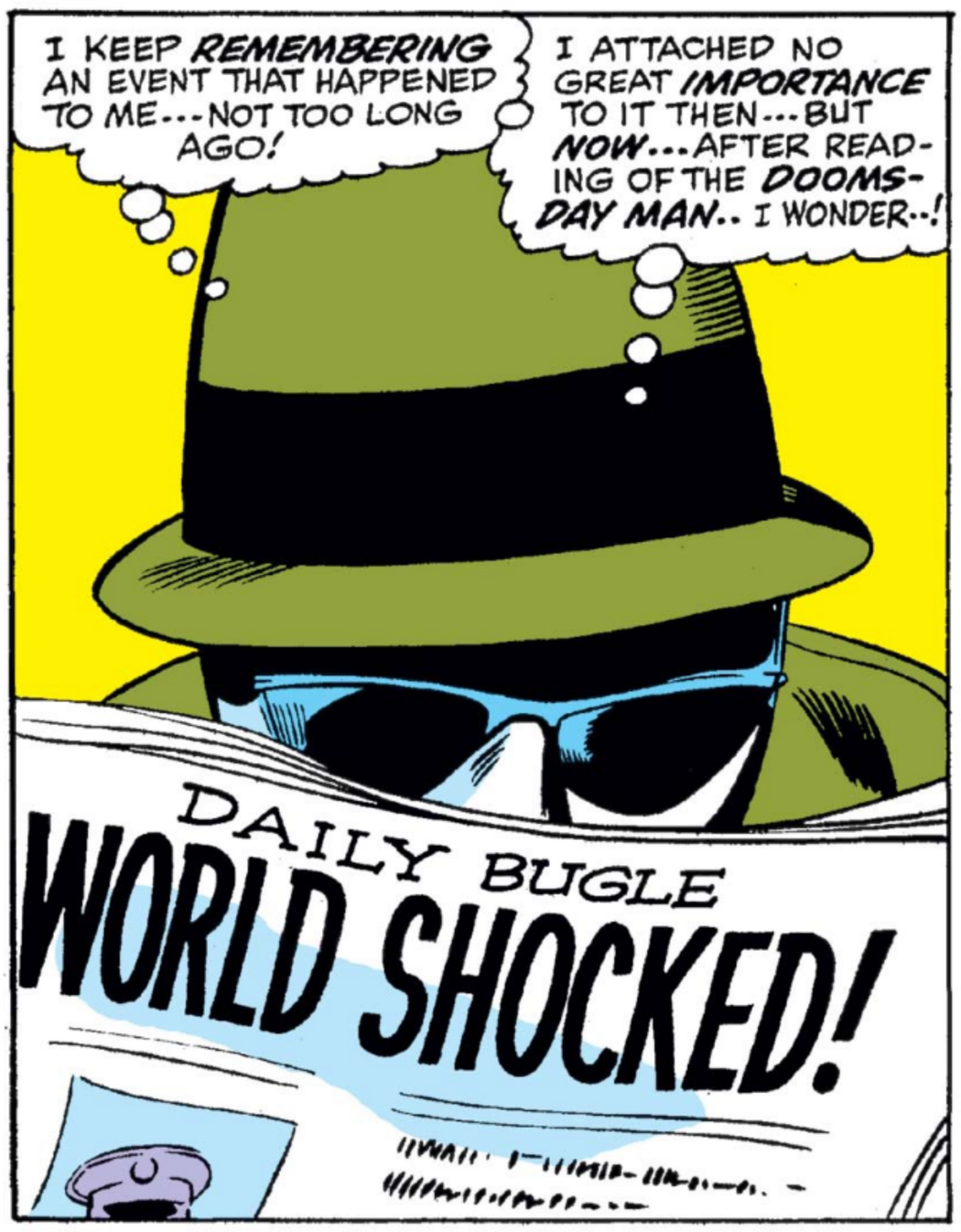

I KNOW NOT WHAT A TOKEN IS...
BUT A SIMPLE COSMIC THRUST WILL ACTIVATE THE MECHANISM WITHIN!

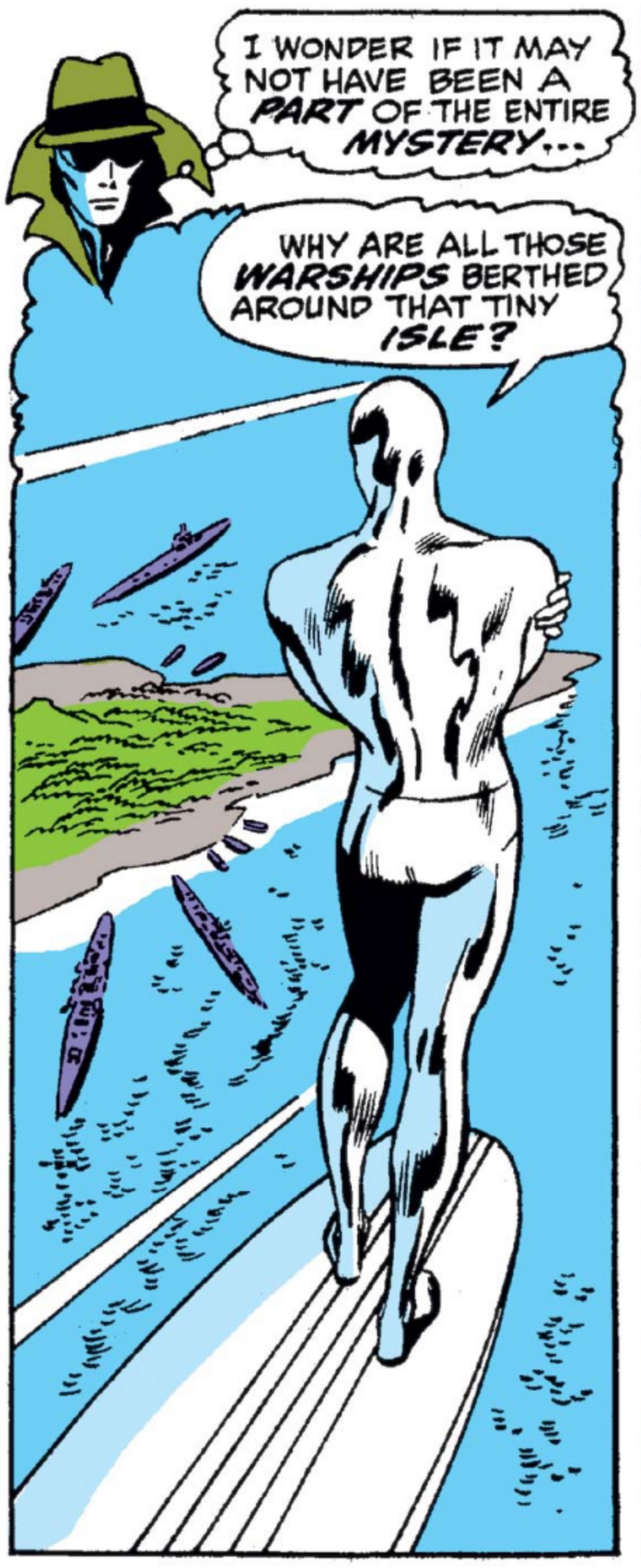
I BETTER NOT REPORT THIS...OR THEY'LL THINK I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR THE JOB!
HE...JUST POINTED... AND IT TURNED FOR HIM!

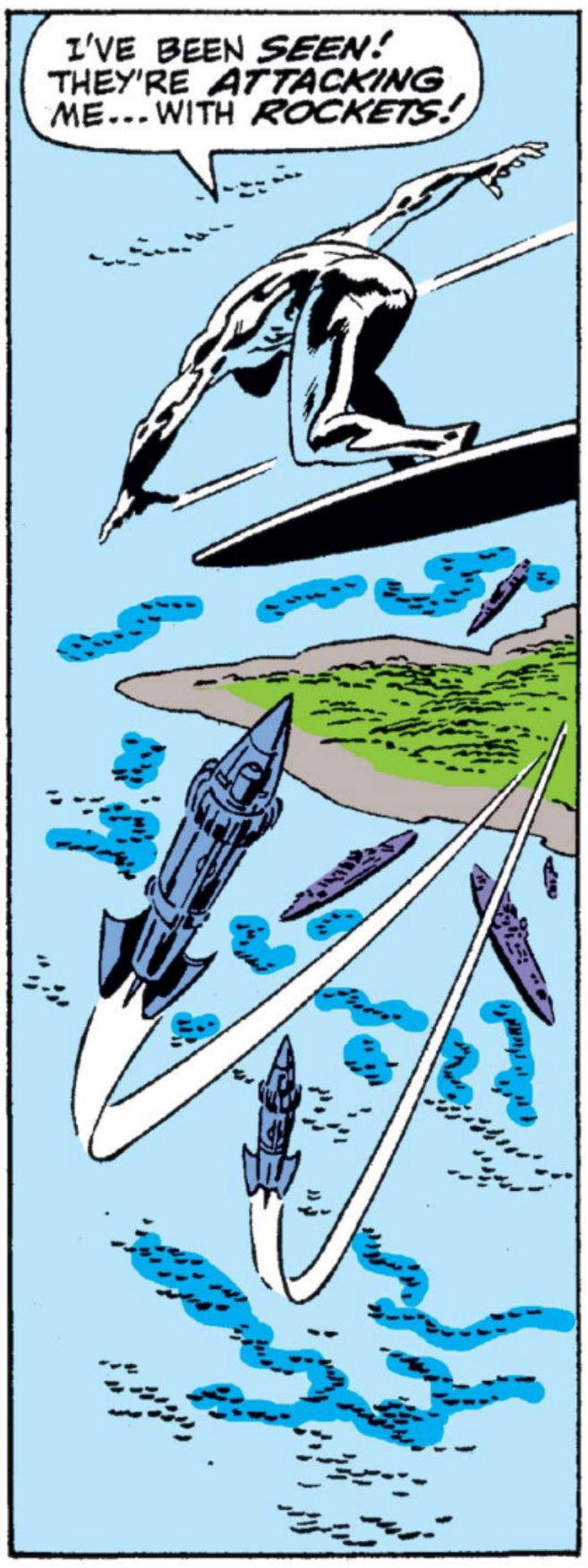
WILL THIS UNDERGROUND CONVEYANCE TRANSPORT ME TO THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING?
S'MATTER, MAN? CAN'TCHA SPEAK ENGLISH? SURE IT'LL DRAG YA TO... TO...ULP!

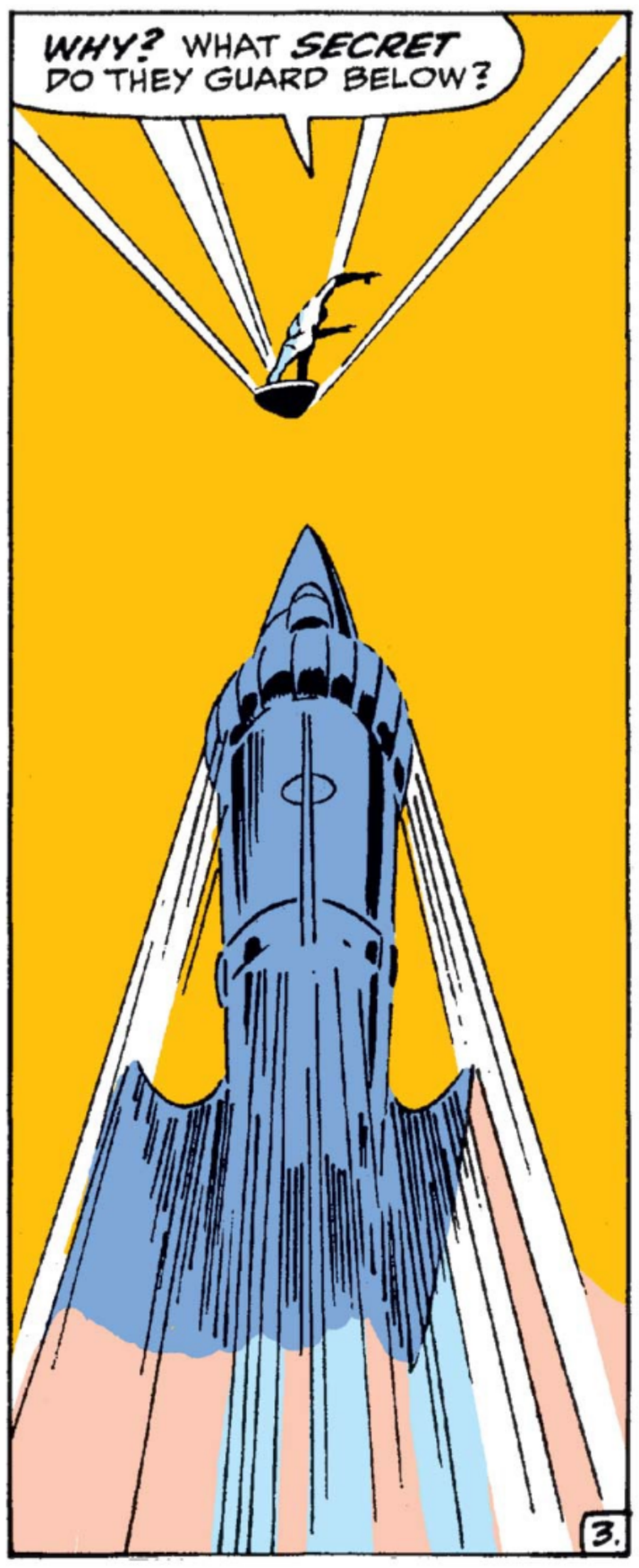
LIKE HOW COME IT ALWAYS HAPPENS TO ME?
EVERY TIME I'M MINDIN' MY OWN BUSINESS ON A TRAIN, I GET STUCK NEXT TO SOME NUTTY WEIRDO!
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN' WITH THAT CORNY WHITE SKIN BIT, MAN!

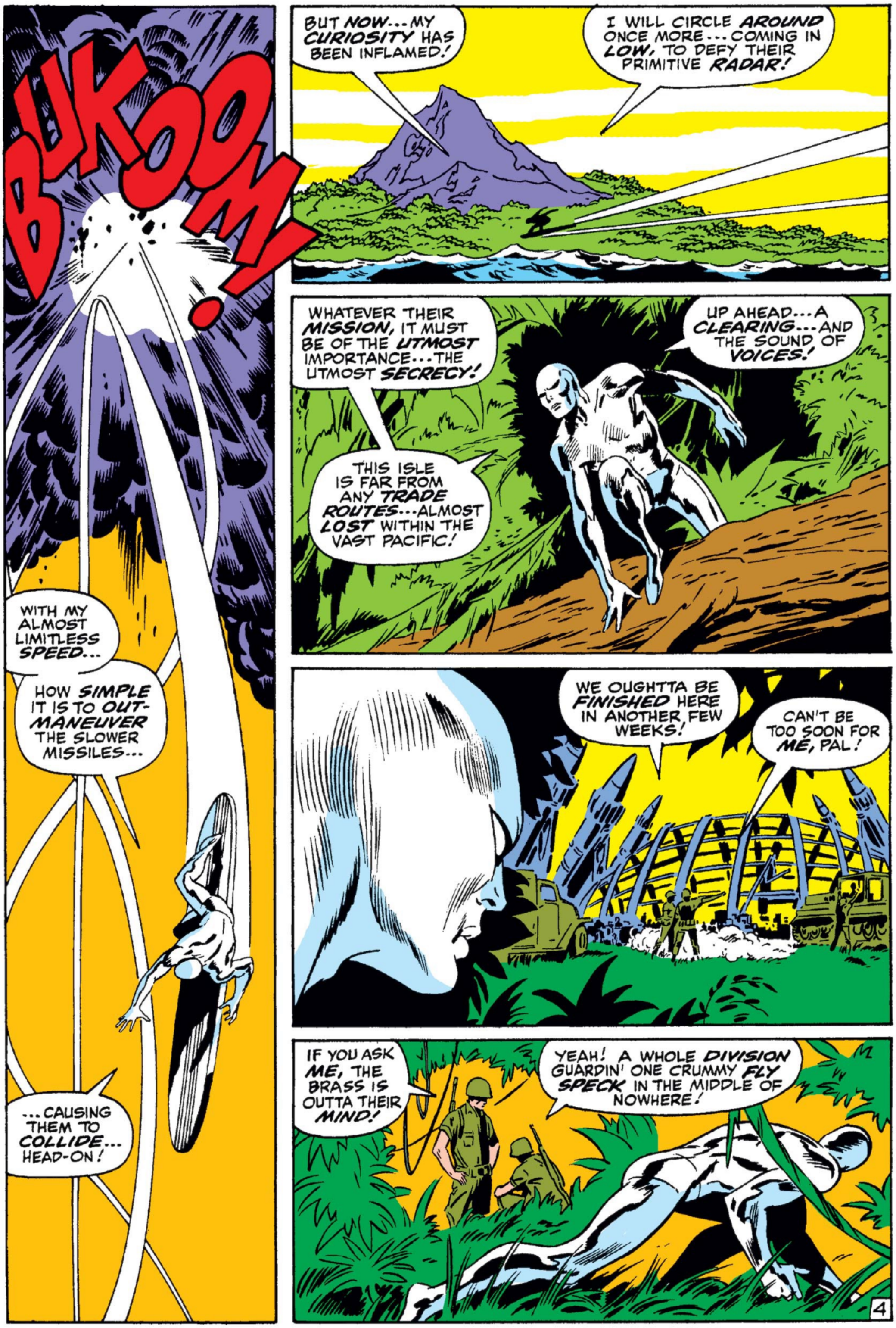

HUMANS! FORTUNATELY, THEIR INCOMPREHENSIBLE BEHAVIOR NO LONGER STARTLES ME!
I MUST NOT ALLOW THEIR HOSTILITY TO KEEP ME FROM LEARNING OF THE DANGER WITH WHICH THEY NOW ARE THREATENED!
DAILY BUGLE
U.N. CALLS EMERGENCY SESSION!
NATIONS ATTEND TO DISCUSS THREAT OF DOOMSDAY MAN!
DOOMSDAY MAN! THE VERY NAME INTRIGUES ME!


I KEEP REMEMBERING AN EVENT THAT HAPPENED TO ME---NOT TOO LONG AGO!
I ATTACHED NO GREAT IMPORTANCE TO IT THEN---BUT NOW...AFTER READING OF THE DOOMSDAY MAN.. I WONDER..!
DAILY BUGLE
WORLD SHOCKED!


I WONDER IF IT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN A PART OF THE ENTIRE MYSTERY...
WHY ARE ALL THOSE WARSHIPS BERTHED AROUND THAT TINY ISLE?


I'VE BEEN SEEN! THEY'RE ATTACKING ME...WITH ROCKETS!

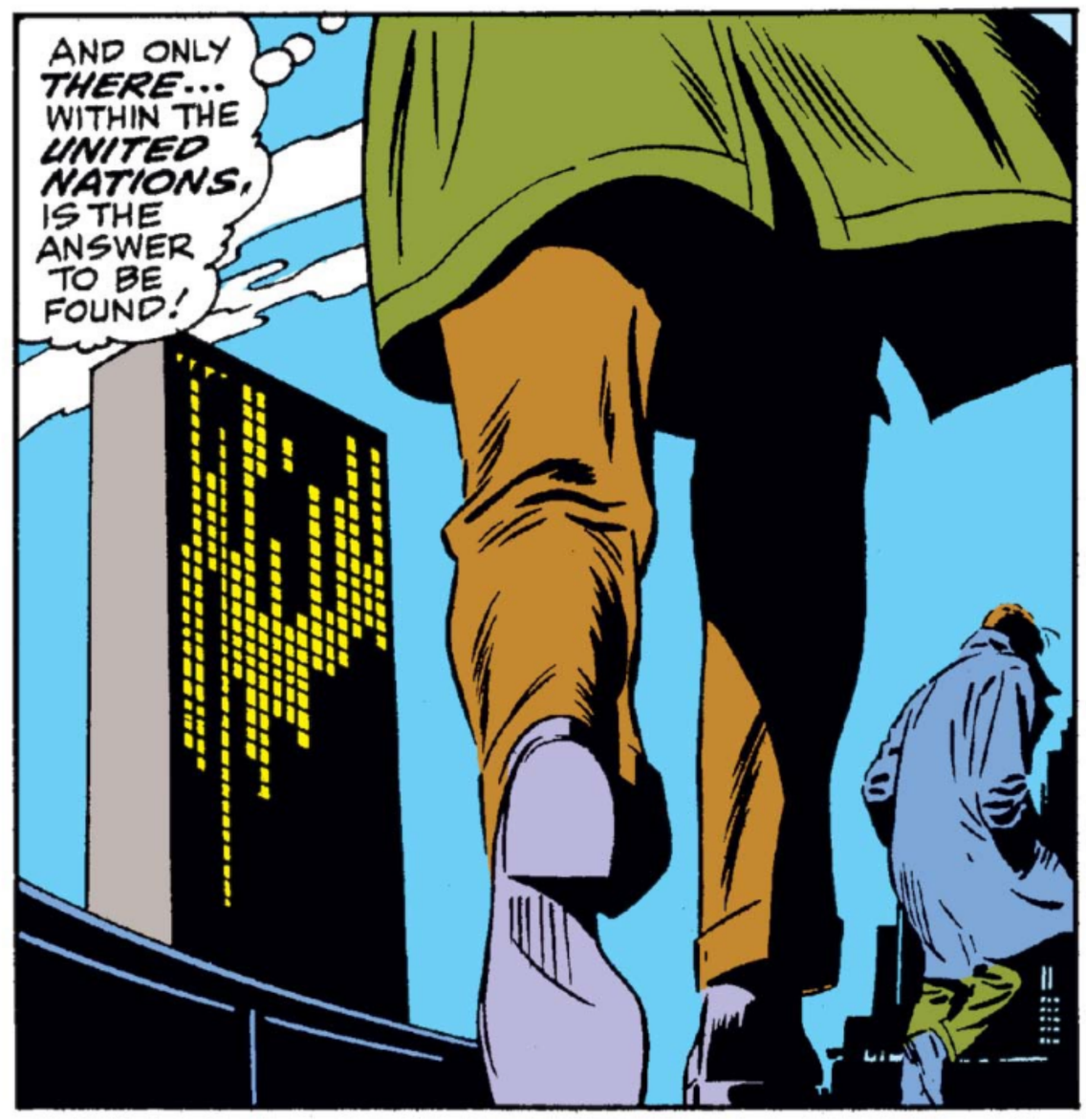

WHY? WHAT SECRET DO THEY GUARD BELOW?


BUKOOM!
BUT NOW... MY CURIOSITY HAS BEEN INFLAMED!
I WILL CIRCLE AROUND ONCE MORE... COMING IN LOW, TO DEFY THEIR PRIMITIVE RADAR!
WITH MY ALMOST LIMITLESS SPEED...
HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO OUT-MANEUVER THE SLOWER MISSILES...
...CAUSING THEM TO COLLIDE... HEAD-ON!
WHATEVER THEIR MISSION, IT MUST BE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE... THE UTMOST SECRECY!
THIS ISLE IS FAR FROM ANY TRADE ROUTES... ALMOST LOST WITHIN THE VAST PACIFIC!
UP AHEAD... A CLEARING... AND THE SOUND OF VOICES!
WE OUGHTTA BE FINISHED HERE IN ANOTHER FEW WEEKS!
CAN'T BE TOO SOON FOR ME, PAL!
IF YOU ASK ME, THE BRASS IS OUTTA THEIR MIND!
YEAH! A WHOLE DIVISION GUARDIN' ONE CRUMMY FLY SPECK IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!
4

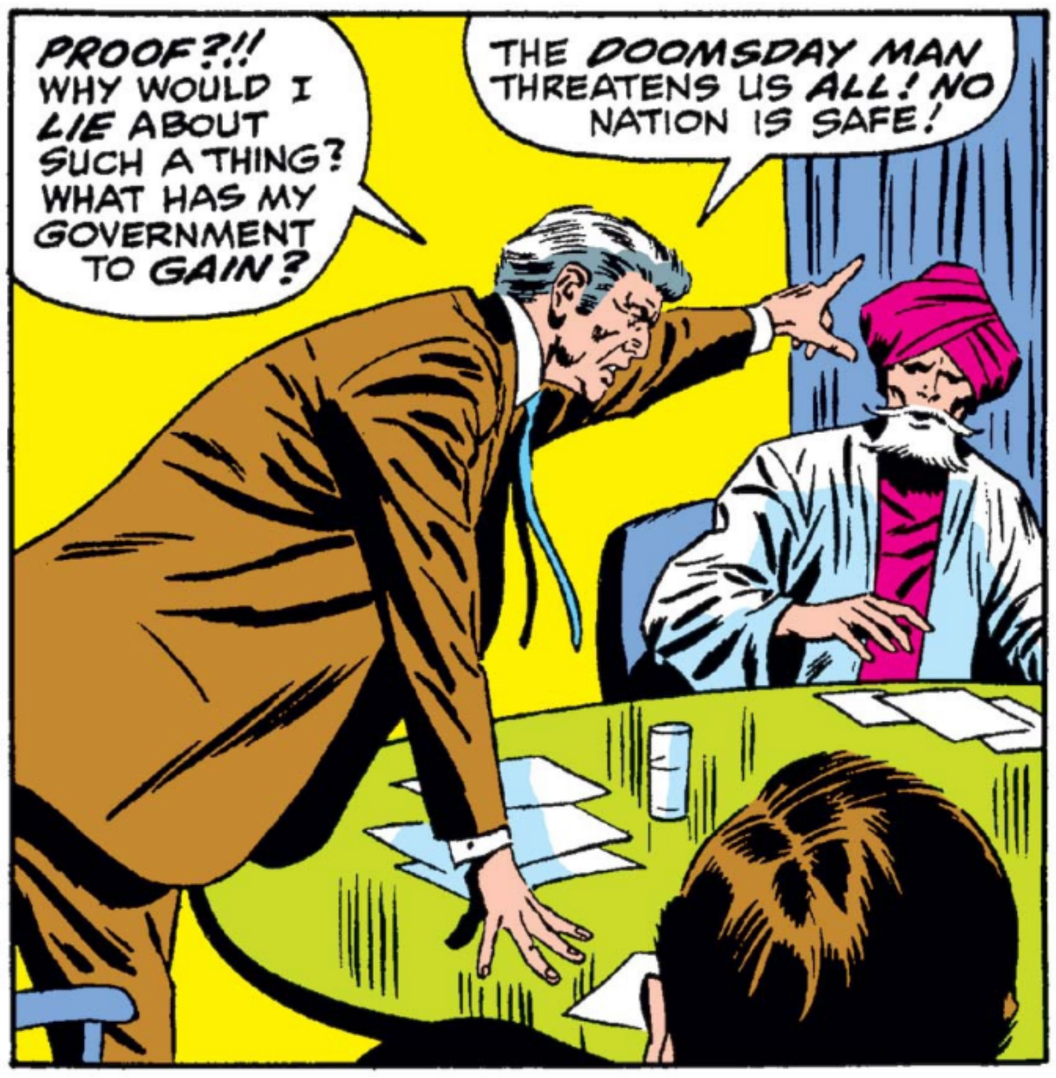
EVEN KING KONG COULDN'T BREAK OUTTA THAT CEMENT IGLOO THEY'RE BUILDIN'!
FACE IT, SOLDIER...THEY'RE AIMIN' TO HOLD SOMETHING A LOT DEADLIER THAN KING KONG IN THAT THING!

HOW COME NOBODY CLUES US IN?
YOU KIDDIN'? G.I.'S AIN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW NOTHIN'!
I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH!
THIS IS NO CONCERN OF MINE!

BUT NOW... I WONDER...
PERHAPS THAT HIDDEN ISLAND... AND THE SO-CALLED DOOMSDAY MAN ARE PART OF THE SAME DEADLY MYSTERY!


AND ONLY THERE... WITHIN THE UNITED NATIONS, IS THE ANSWER TO BE FOUND!

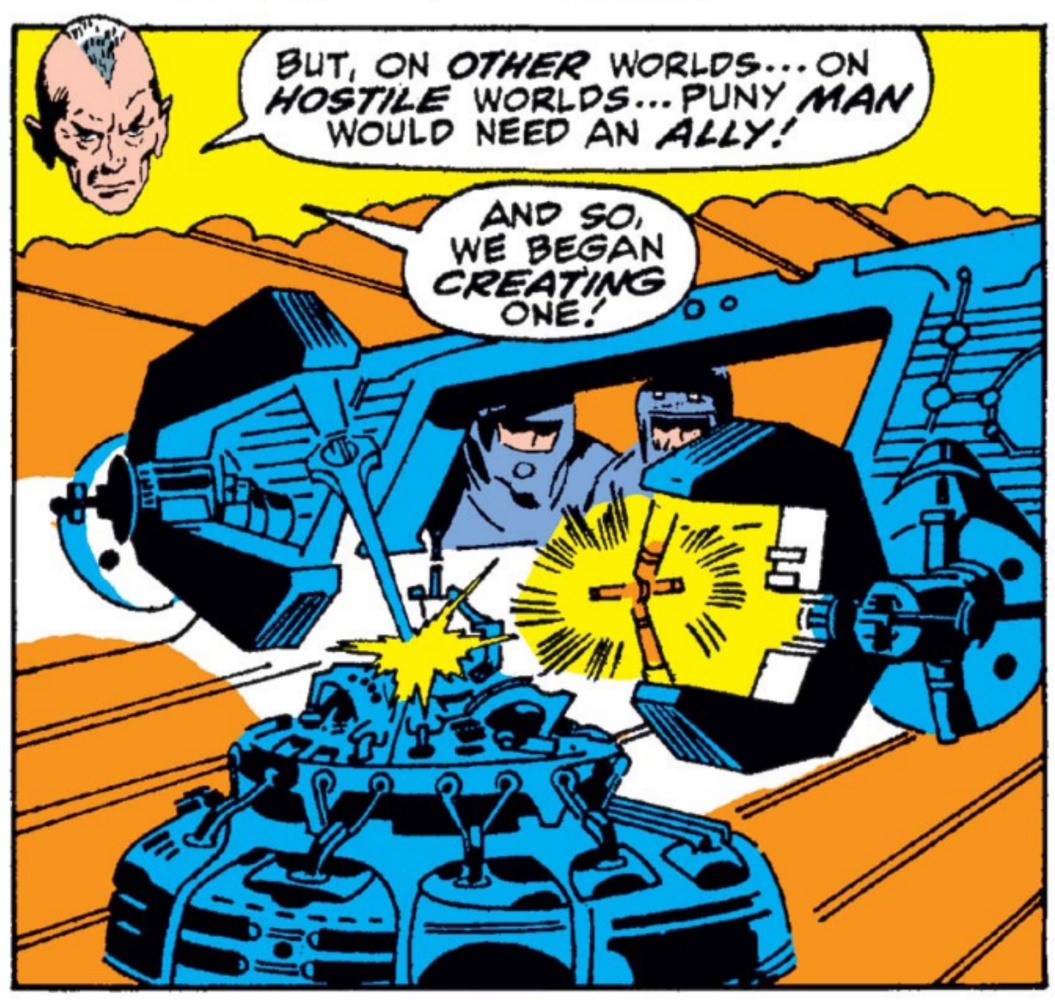
EVEN AS THE SURFER APPROACHES...
WE MUST ACT NOW, GENTLEMEN! WITH EVERY MINUTE, THE DANGER GROWS!
THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC DOES NOT PANIC SO EASILY!
MY GOVERNMENT REQUIRES MORE PROOF!
5.

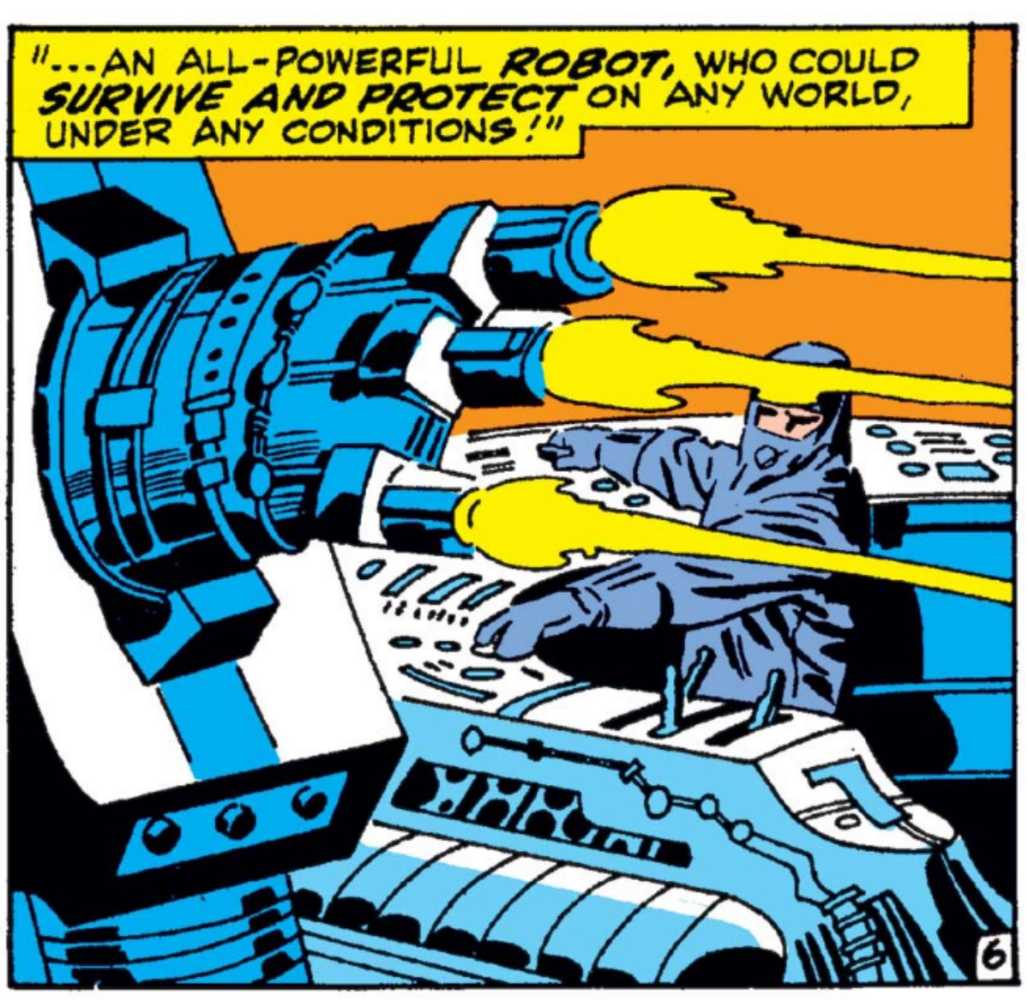

PROOF?!! WHY WOULD I LIE ABOUT SUCH A THING? WHAT HAS MY GOVERNMENT TO GAIN?
THE DOOMSDAY MAN THREATENS US ALL! NO NATION IS SAFE!

A MOST CONVINCING STORY!
BUT HOW DO WE KNOW IT IS NOT ANOTHER IMPERIALIST TRICK?

THEN LET DR. KRONTON EXPLAIN! HE'S BEEN IN CHARGE OF THE PROJECT!
WE KNOW HIS REPUTATION... HIS GENIUS! WE WILL LISTEN!

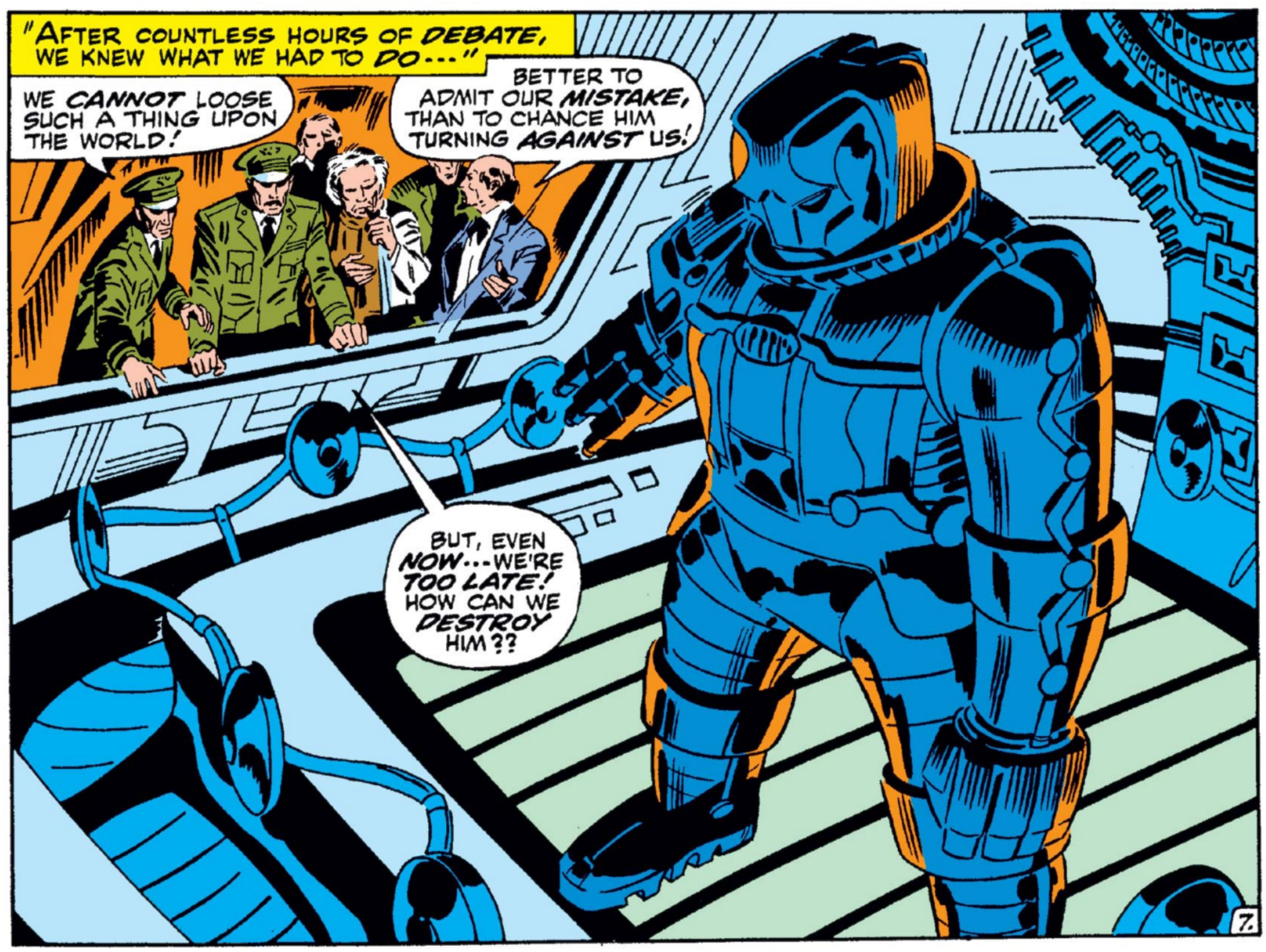
IT ALL STARTED WITH THE SUCCESS OF OUR FIRST MOON LANDING!
WE KNEW IT WAS ONLY A FIRST STEP! WE WOULD SOON HAVE PLANETS TO CONQUER!


BUT, ON OTHER WORLDS... ON HOSTILE WORLDS... PUNY MAN WOULD NEED AN ALLY!
AND SO, WE BEGAN CREATING ONE!

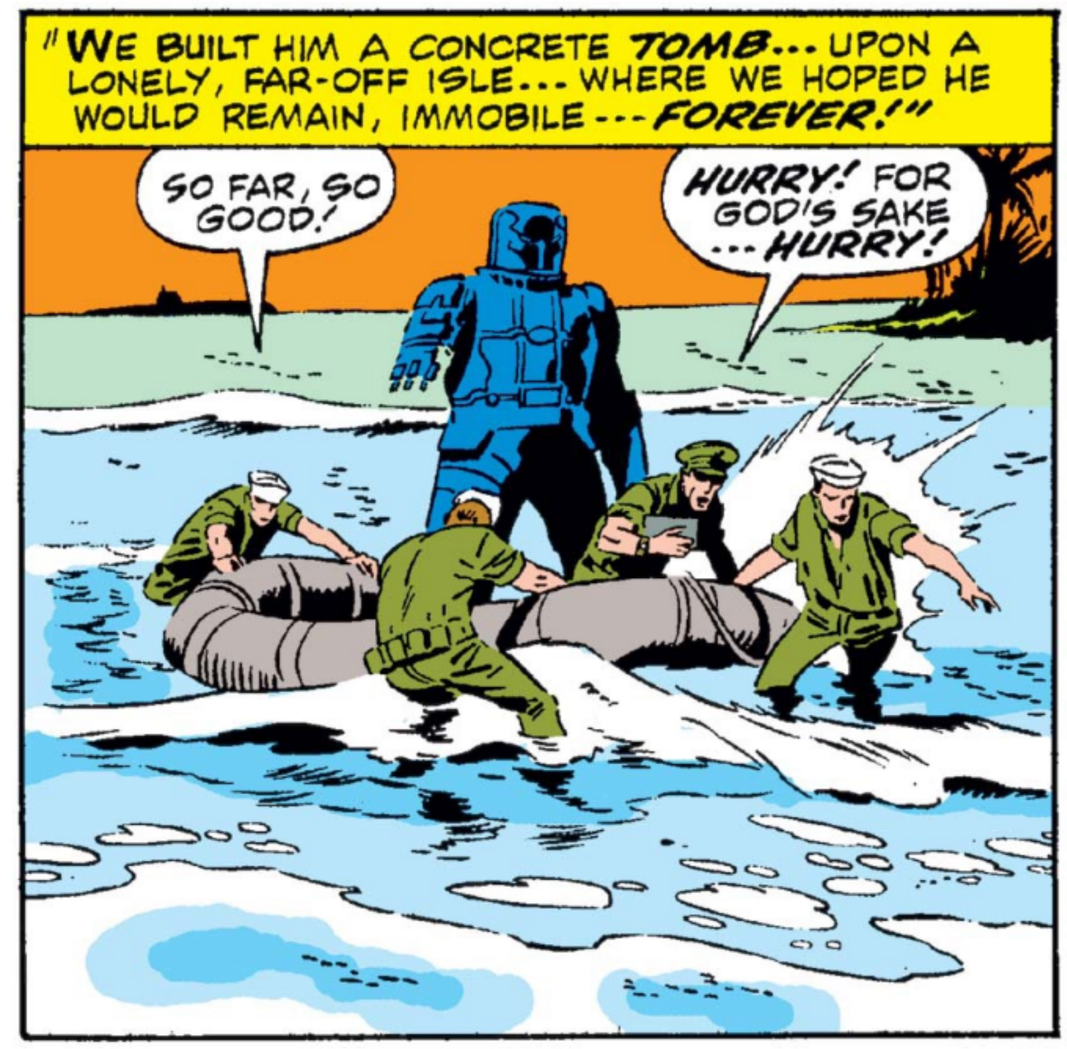

"...AN ALL-POWERFUL ROBOT, WHO COULD SURVIVE AND PROTECT ON ANY WORLD, UNDER ANY CONDITIONS!"

"A ROBOT WHOSE ARMOR COULD WITHSTAND ANY TEMPERATURE ...ANY GRAVITY!"
HE COULD FUNCTION UPON THE SURFACE OF THE SUN ITSELF!

"BUT, IN OUR EAGERNESS...OUR ENTHUSIASM... WE DID OUR JOB TOO WELL! WE MADE HIM... TOO POWERFUL! WE MADE HIM... INDESTRUCTIBLE!"
NOTHING CAN HARM HIM! NOTHING CAN STOP HIM!

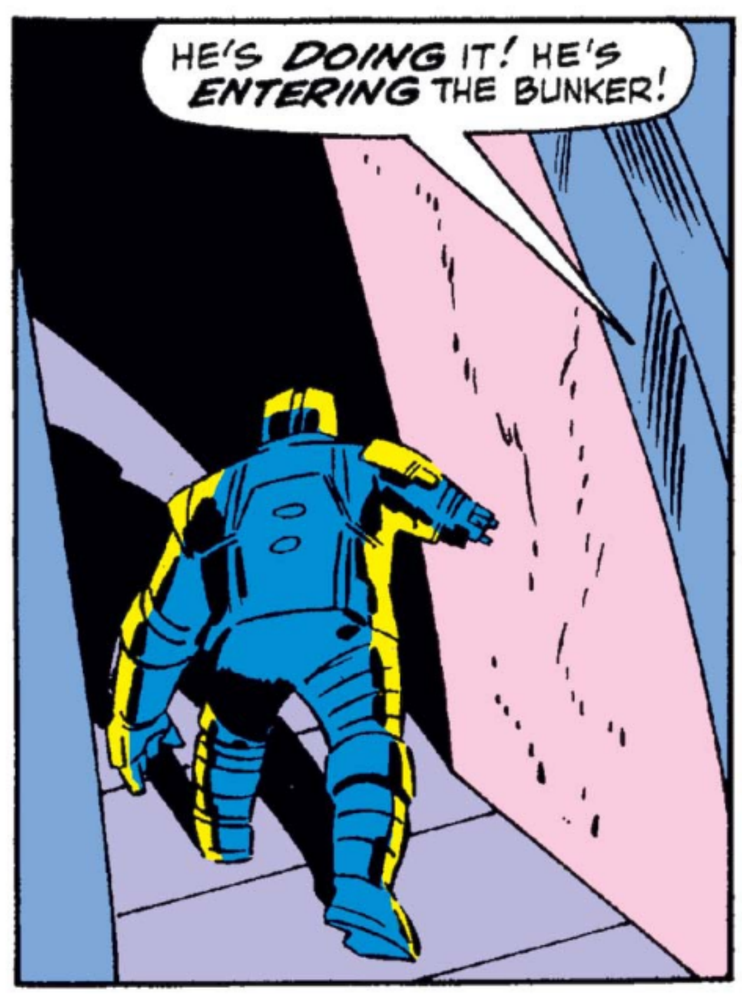

"AFTER COUNTLESS HOURS OF DEBATE, WE KNEW WHAT WE HAD TO DO..."
WE CANNOT LOOSE SUCH A THING UPON THE WORLD!
BETTER TO ADMIT OUR MISTAKE, THAN TO CHANCE HIM TURNING AGAINST US!
BUT, EVEN NOW...WE'RE TOO LATE! HOW CAN WE DESTROY HIM??
7

"HE COULDN'T BE DESTROYED! AND SO... WE DID THE NEXT BEST THING..."
ISLAND AHEAD! PREPARE TO SURFACE!

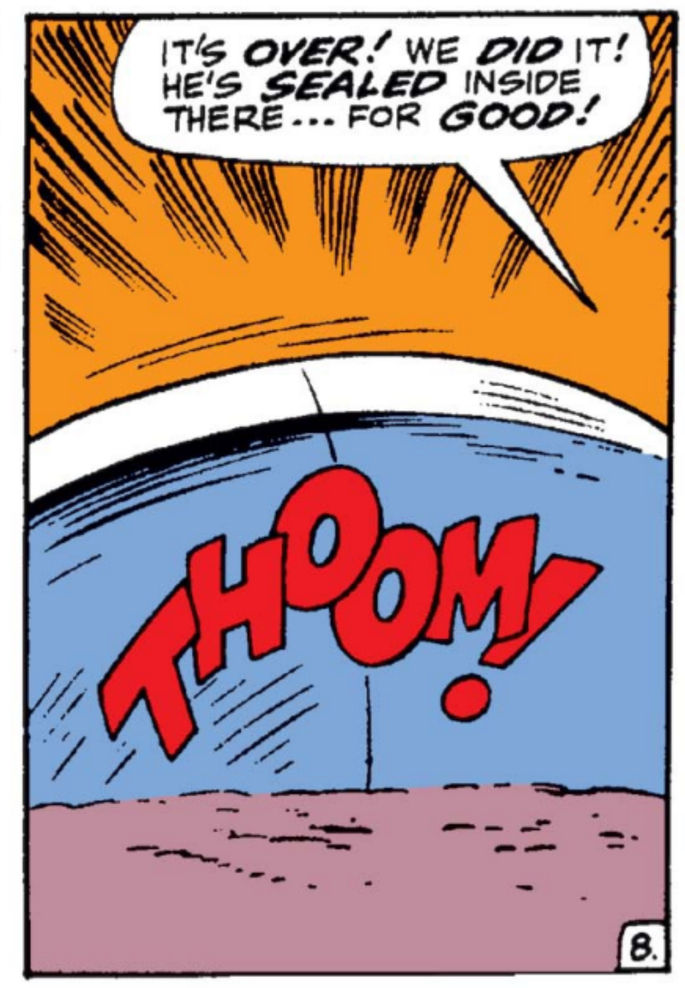

"WE BUILT HIM A CONCRETE TOMB... UPON A LONELY, FAR-OFF ISLE... WHERE WE HOPED HE WOULD REMAIN, IMMOBILE... FOREVER!"
SO FAR, SO GOOD!
HURRY! FOR GOD'S SAKE ... HURRY!

IT'S OKAY...WE'RE IN LUCK! HE'S OBEYING THE ELECTRONIC ACTIVATOR!

KEEP GOING, BABY! THAT'S IT... KEEP GOING! DON'T STOP!

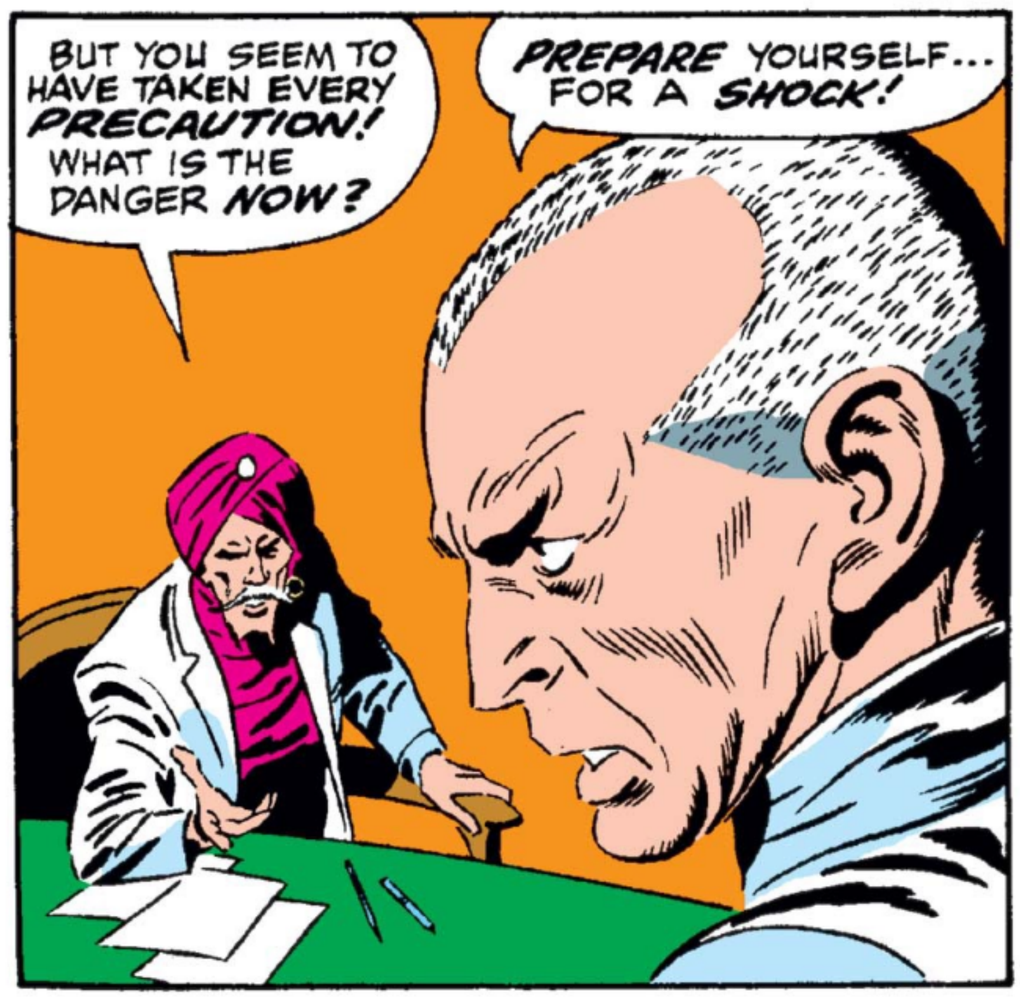

HE'S DOING IT! HE'S ENTERING THE BUNKER!

THE SEALER BUTTON! PRESS IT... GET THOSE TUMBLERS SHUT!


IT'S OVER! WE DID IT! HE'S SEALED INSIDE THERE... FOR GOOD!
THOOM!

BUT WHAT IF SOMEONE ELSE GETS HOLD OF THAT BOX... AND GETS HIM OUT OF THERE!
NOT A CHANCE, SAILOR! WE THOUGHT OF THAT!
CLICK!

THAT'S WHY THE CONTROL BOX HAD A BUILT-IN SELF-DESTRUCT BUTTON!
KRAK-K-K!


BUT YOU SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION! WHAT IS THE DANGER NOW?
PREPARE YOURSELF... FOR A SHOCK!

EARTH TREMORS HAVE BEEN REPORTED FROM THE ISLE! THAT MEANS THE ROBOT IS MOVING! HE IS NOT IMMOBILE!
THEN LET HIM MOVE! WHAT DOES IT MATTER?
BUT-- WHAT IF HE DECIDES ...TO FREE HIMSELF?

MEANWHILE...
ON YOUR WAY, MISTER!
NO ONE GETS IN WITHOUT A PASS!
ONCE AGAIN THE UNTHINKING VOICE OF PETTY OFFICIALDOM!

BUT YOU SHALL NOT STOP ME NOW!
TO ME, MY BOARD!

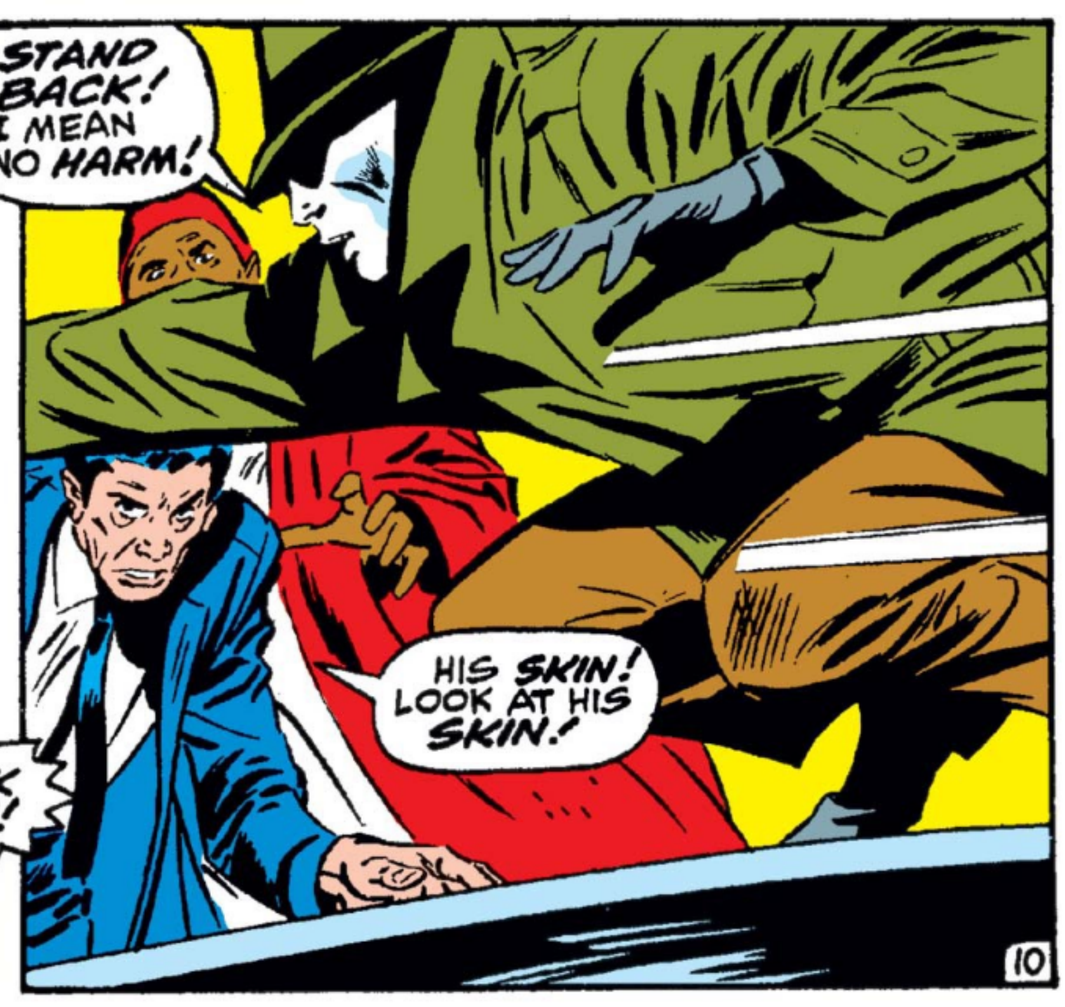
STAY WITH YOUR RULES... AND YOUR EDICTS...AND USELESS REGULATIONS!
STAY... WHILE THE WORLD PASSES BY!

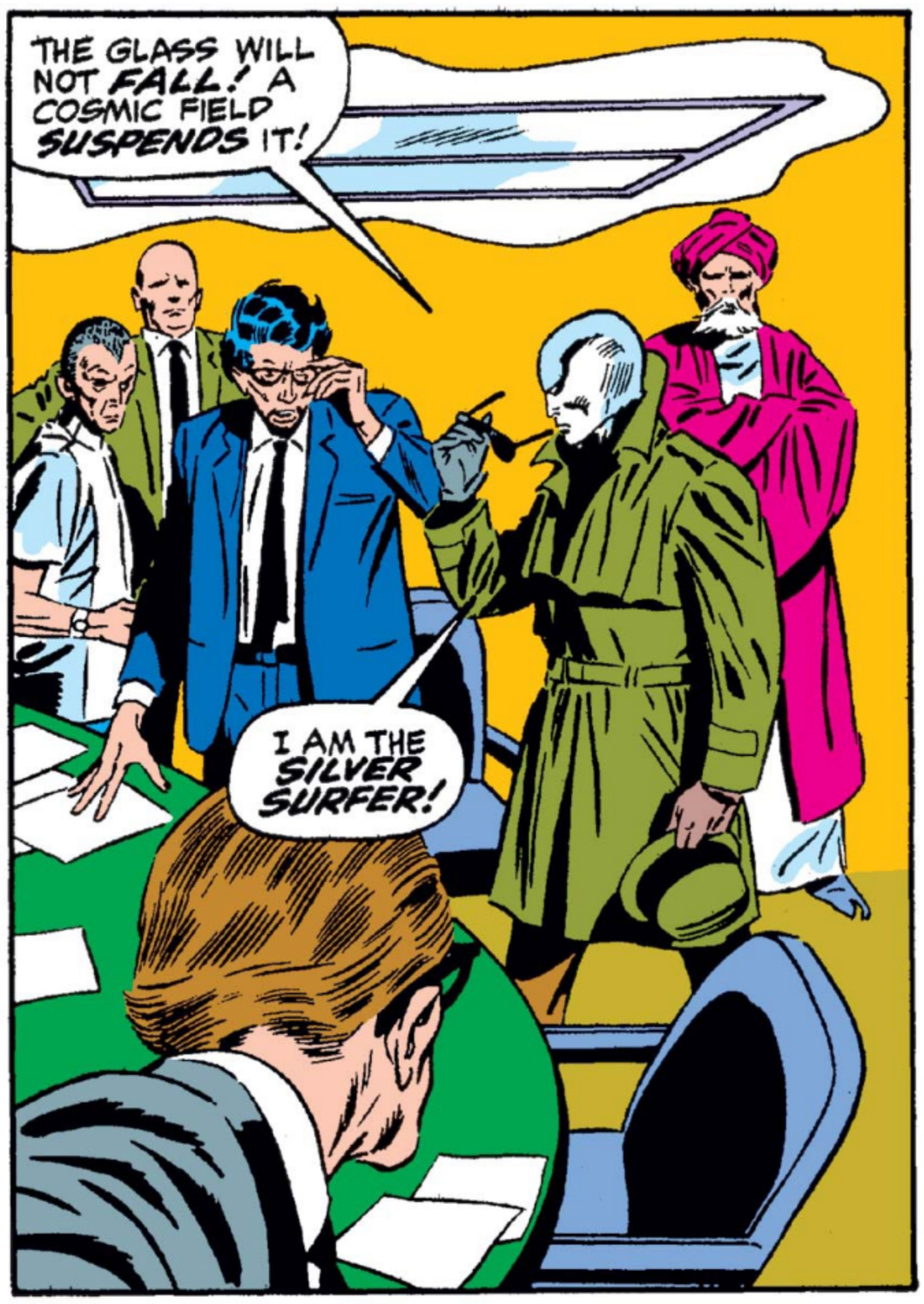
HEY! YOU...YOU'RE NO ORDINARY GATE-CRASHER!
A MOST OBVIOUS OBSERVATION!

MEN, LIKE CHILDREN, CAN ONLY BE AIDED IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES! AND YET...
AHHH! THERE IS WHAT I SEEK!

NOW I MUST ENTER... AS EFFORTLESSLY AS POSSIBLE!

LET ONE COSMIC THRUST REMOVE THE CENTER WINDOW PANE!
WHAT ON EARTH..??
LOOK OUT!!


STAND BACK! I MEAN NO HARM!
HIS SKIN! LOOK AT HIS SKIN!


THE GLASS WILL NOT FALL! A COSMIC FIELD SUSPENDS IT!
I AM THE SILVER SURFER!

THE SURFER! FATE IS WITH US! ONLY HE MIGHT HAVE THE POWER TO STOP THE ROBOT!
ROBOT? WHAT OF THE DOOMSDAY MAN?
THAT'S JUST THE NAME THE TABLOIDS GAVE HIM!
NOW, WITH HIM HERE... WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!

A CHANCE TO BE TRICKED BY THE LYING IMPERIALISTS! I SAY NO! IT IS LIES... ALL LIES!
BUT... HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?

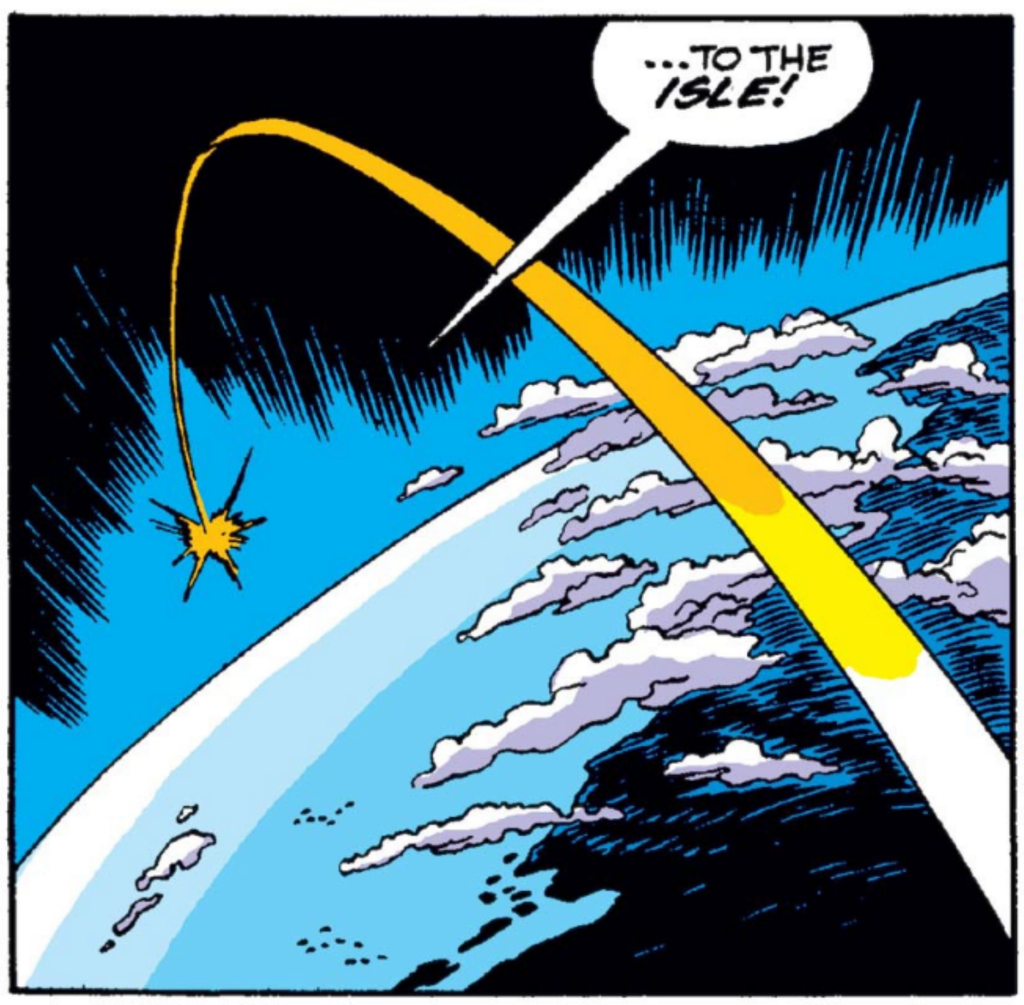
WE CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO BELIEVE THE AMERICANS!
WE MUST PROTECT OUR OIL!
BUT, IT'S ALL SO FANTASTIC!
I SAY TAKE IT TO COMMITTEE!
WE DARE NOT MAKE A WRONG DECISION!

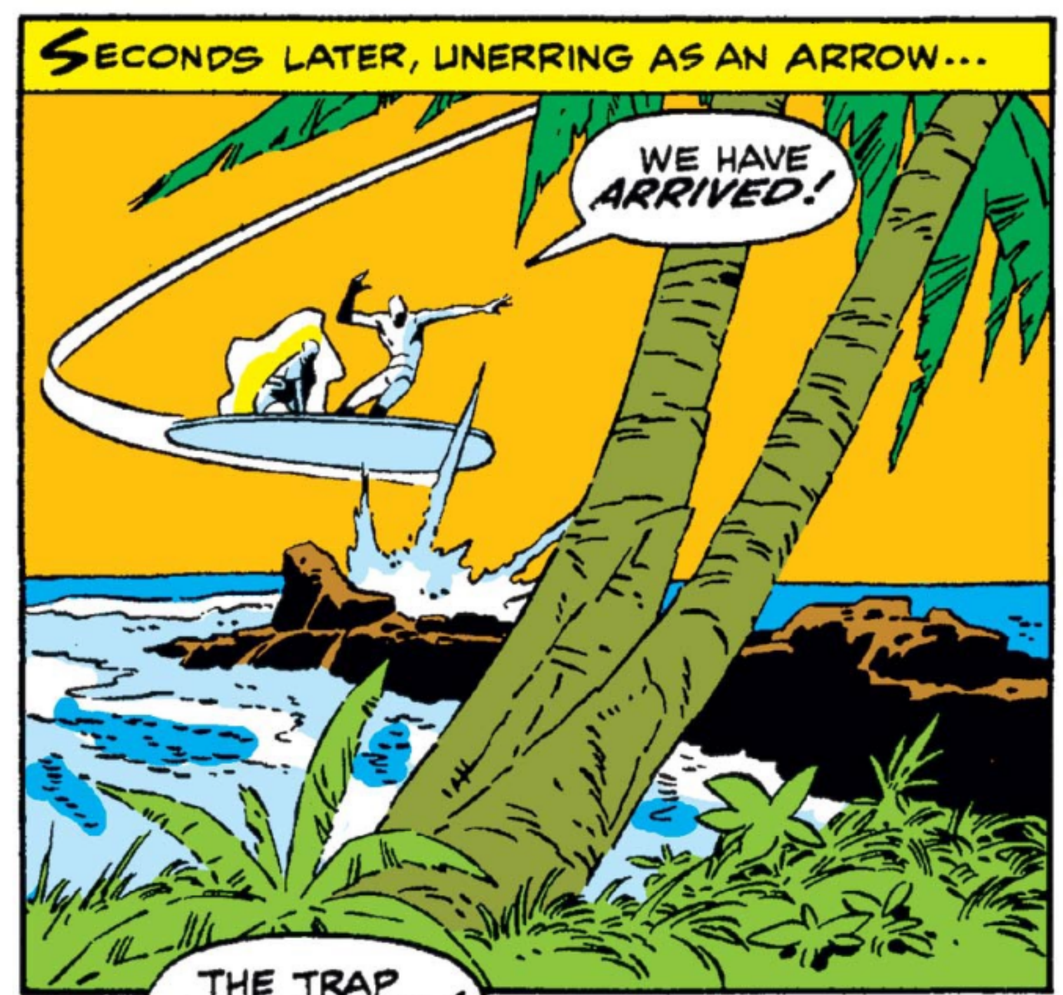
IF THE DOOMSDAY MAN IS REALLY MOVING... INSIDE THAT BUNKER... WHERE NO ONE CAN REACH HIM... IT MEANS HE IS THINKING... AND PLANNING... FOR HIMSELF!
SOONER OR LATER HE'LL DECIDE TO BREAK FREE... AND THEN ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!
AND STILL THEY TALK, AND ARGUE... WHILE THE WORLD HANGS IN THE BALANCE!

THEN, EVEN AS THE DEBATING CONTINUES...
I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH!
I KNOW WHERE THE ISLAND IS!
WE WILL SPEED THERE AT ONCE!
WAIT!
I... I CAN'T BREATHE!
I FORGOT! MY SPEED IS TOO GREAT!
BUT, WITHIN MY COSMIC FIELD YOU WILL HAVE AIR... YOU WILL BE SAFE!
12

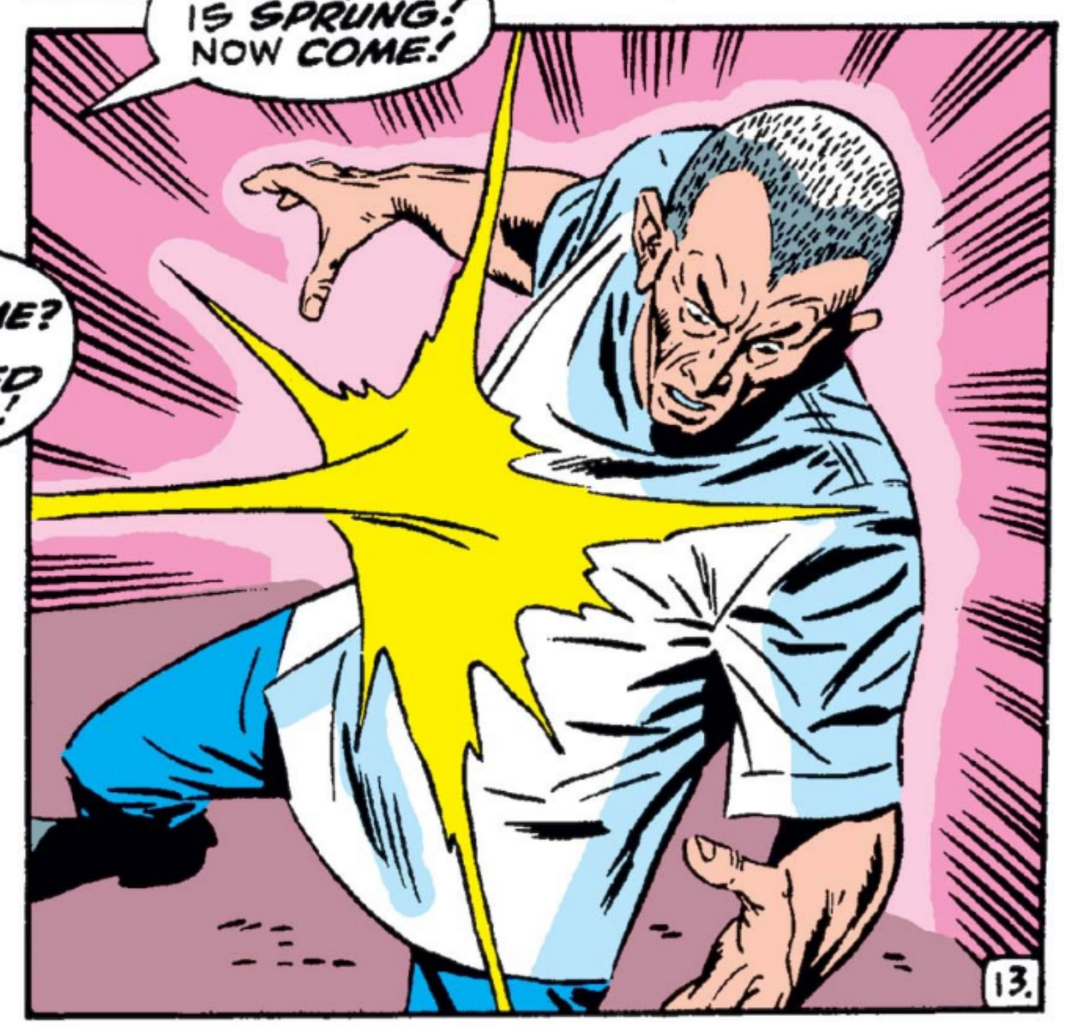
ALSO, IT WILL PREVENT YOU FROM SLIPPING OFF MY BOARD!

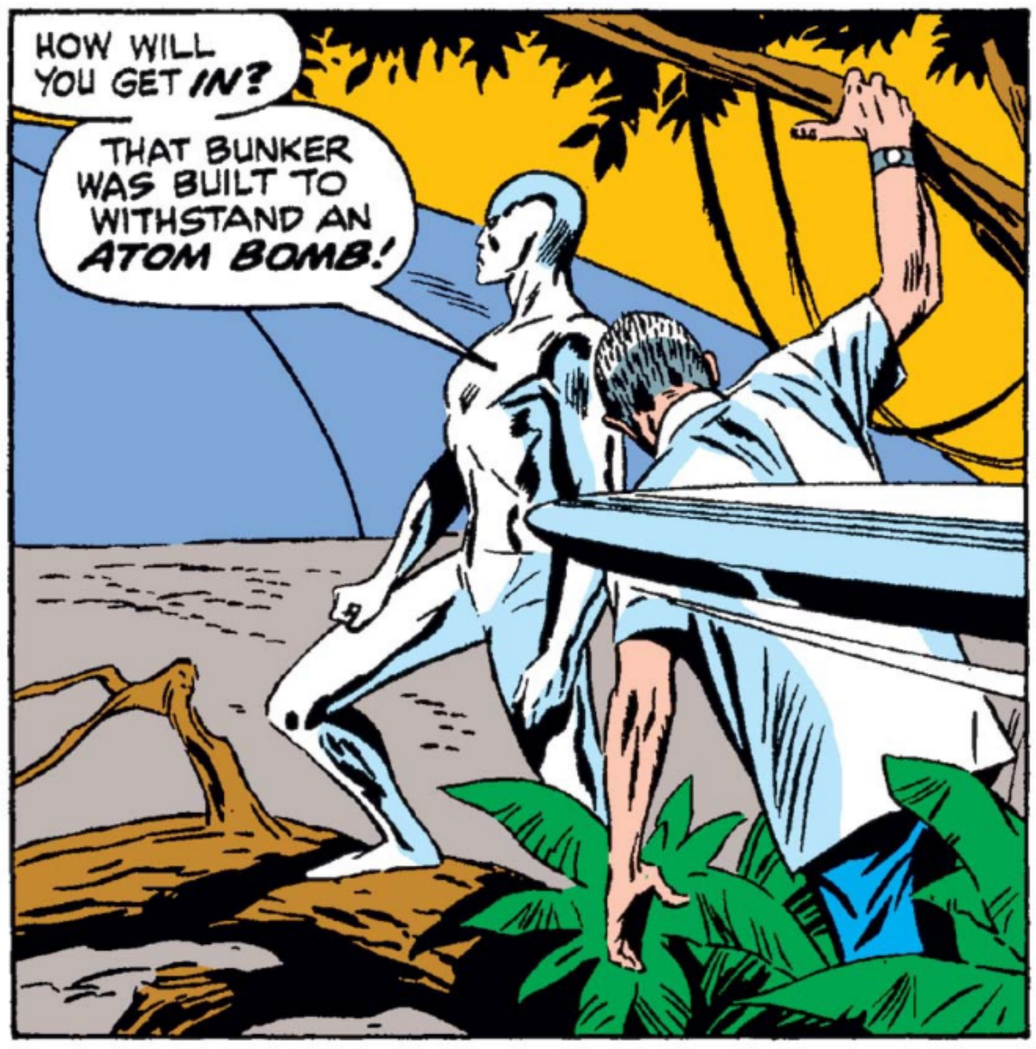
AND NOW...

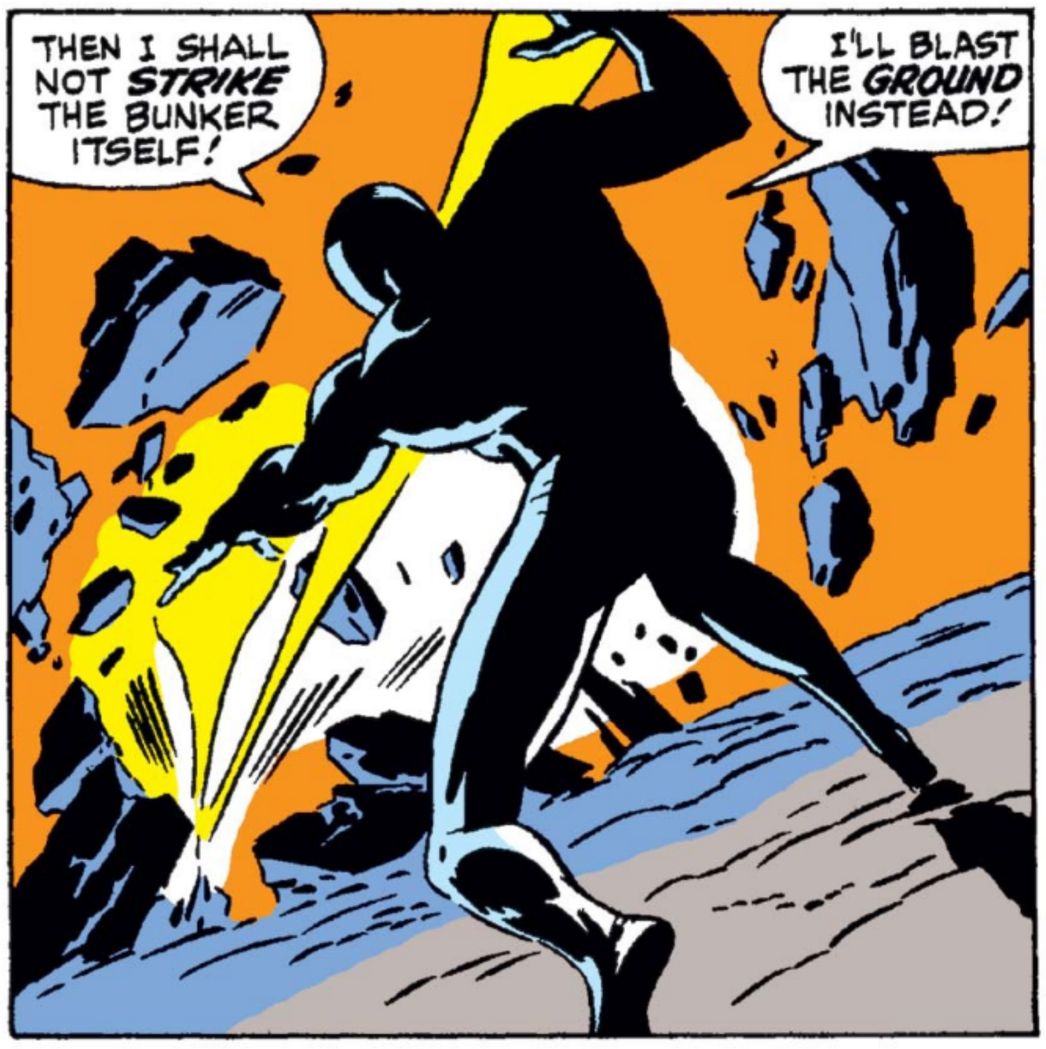

...TO THE ISLE!

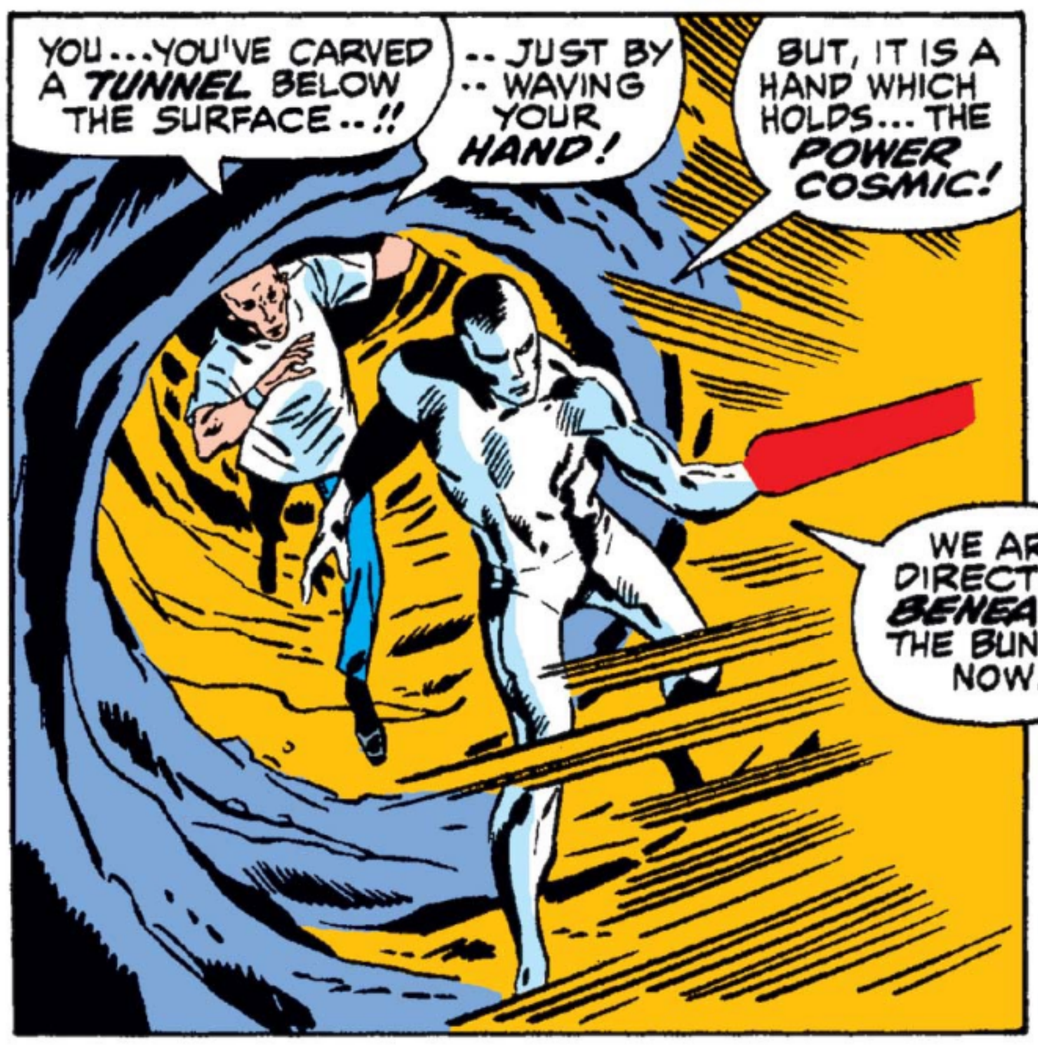

SECONDS LATER, UNERRING AS AN ARROW...
WE HAVE ARRIVED!

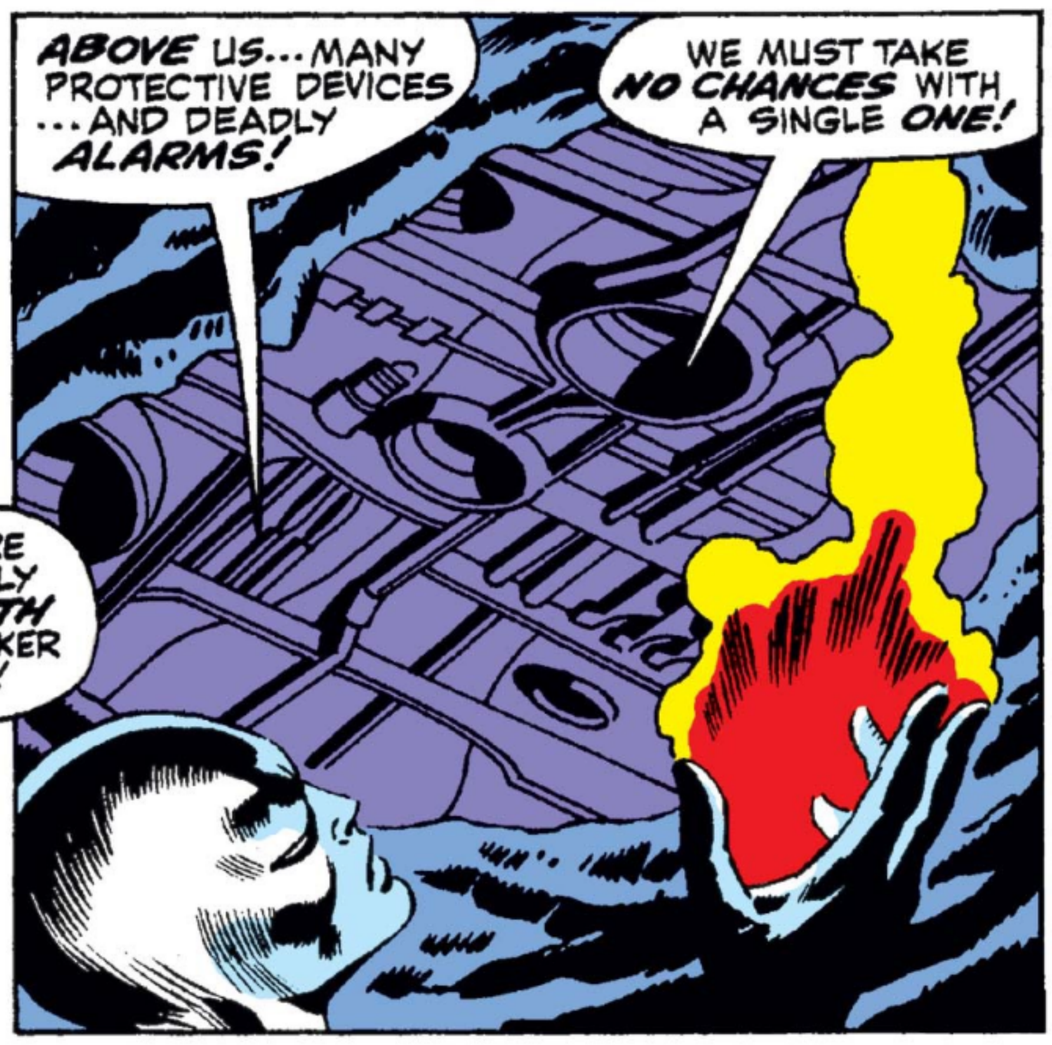
ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO FIND THE BUNKER!
WHAT ABOUT ME? I.. I'M TRAPPED IN HERE!

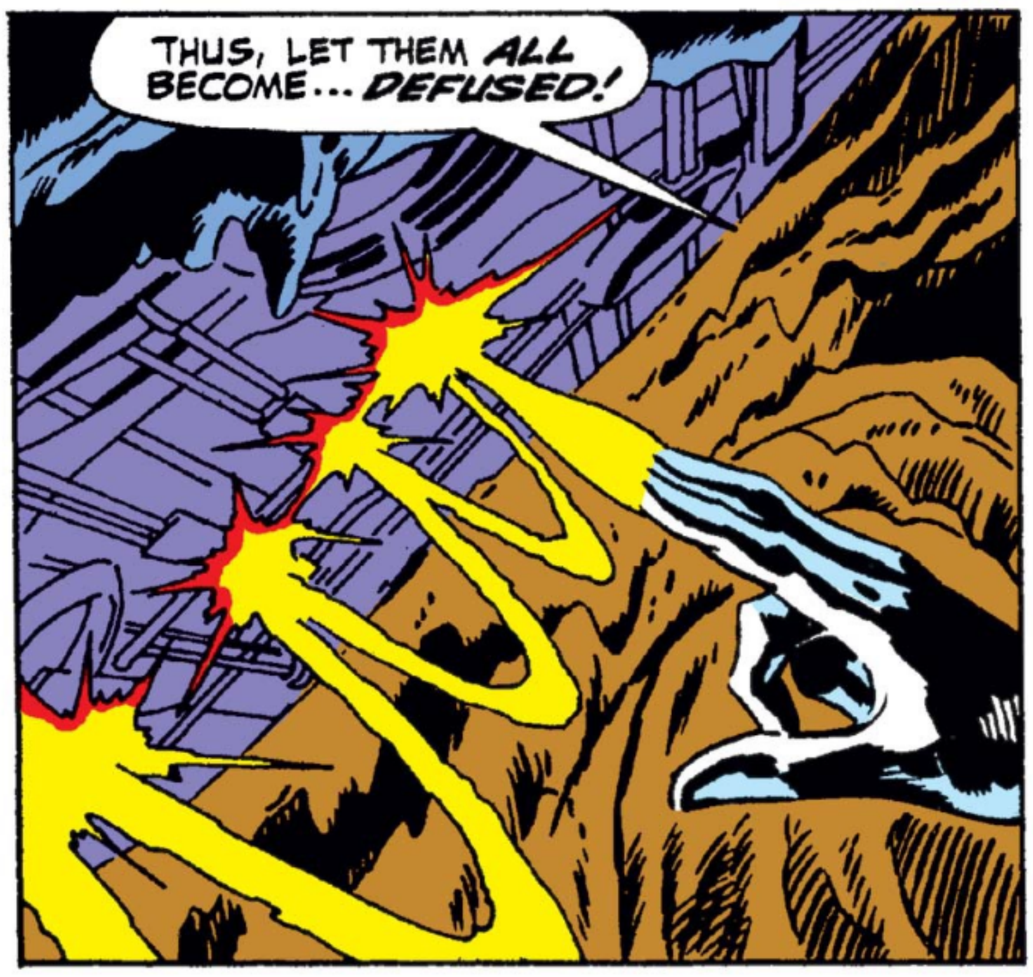

THE TRAP IS SPRUNG! NOW COME!

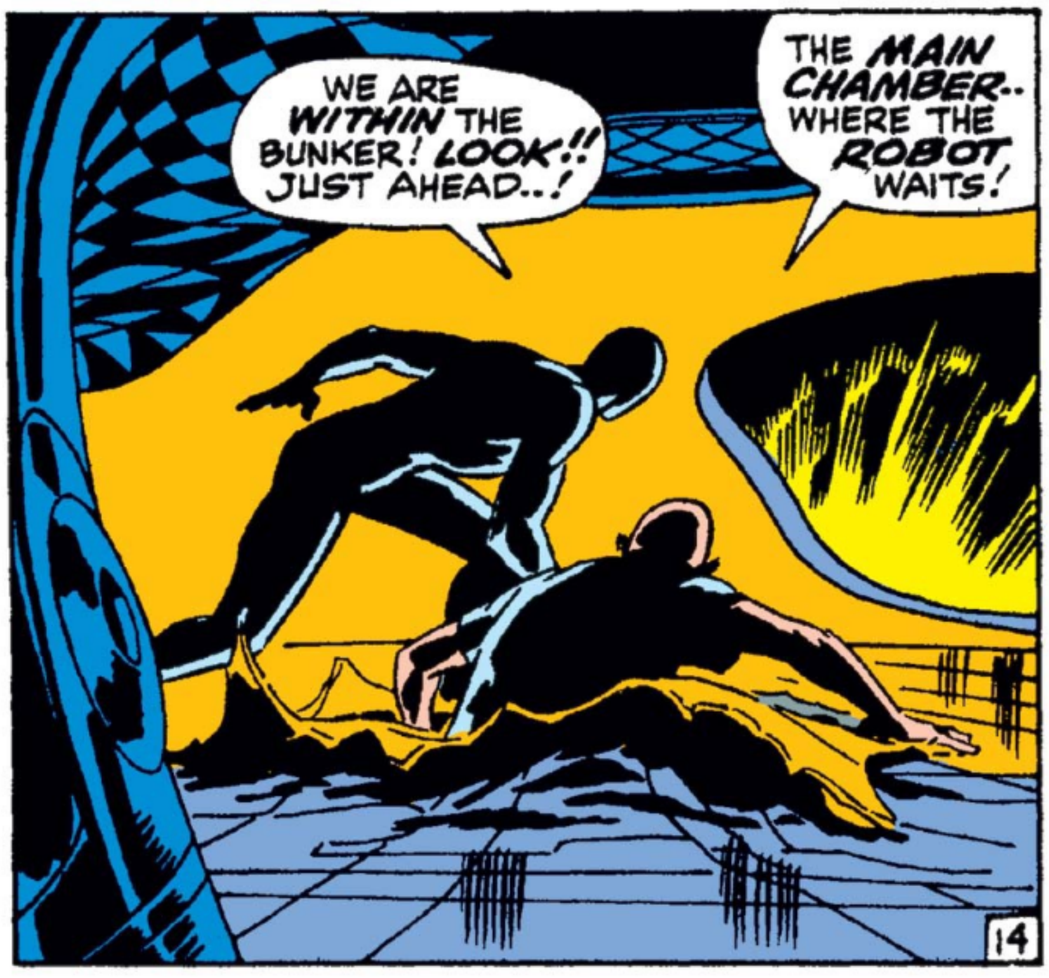

HOW WILL YOU GET IN?
THAT BUNKER WAS BUILT TO WITHSTAND AN ATOM BOMB!

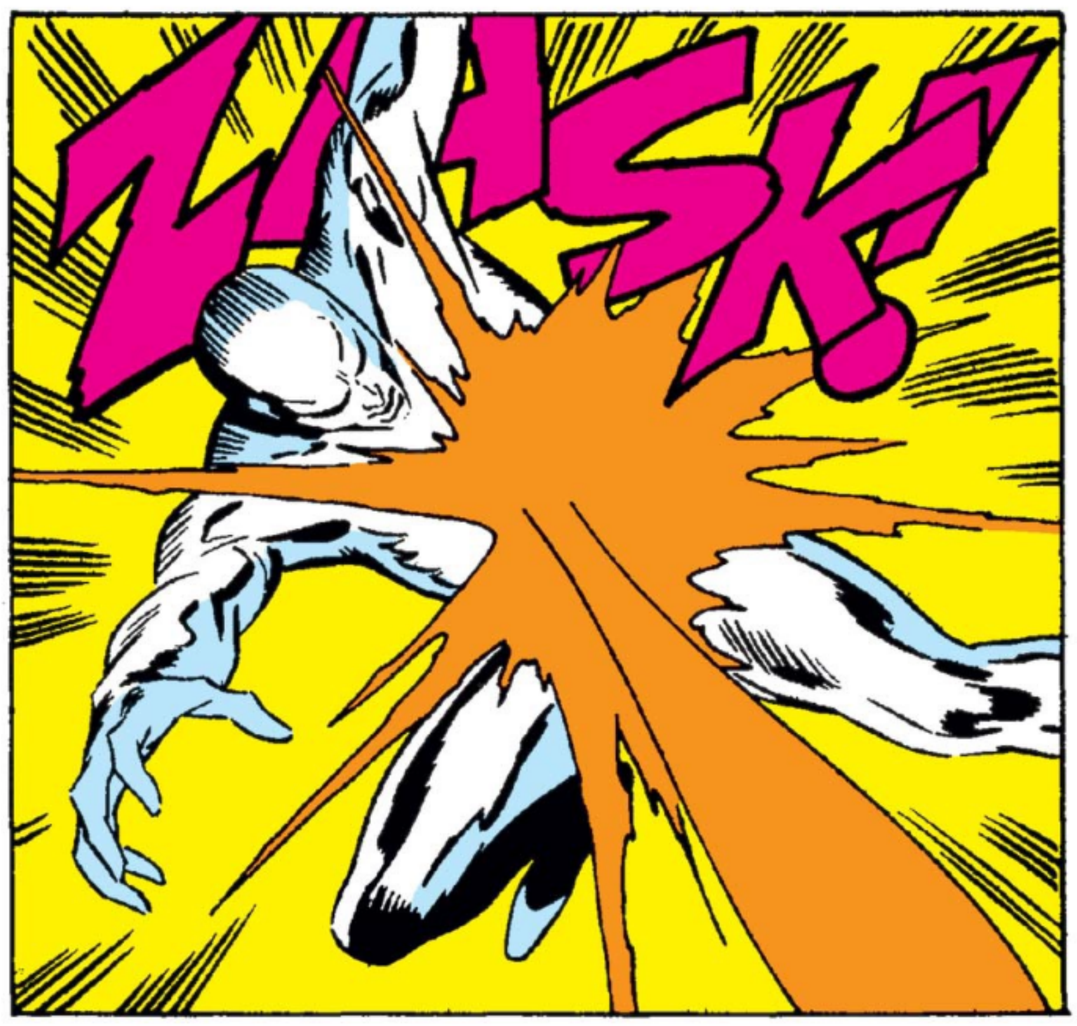

THEN I SHALL NOT STRIKE THE BUNKER ITSELF!
I'LL BLAST THE GROUND INSTEAD!


YOU...YOU'VE CARVED A TUNNEL BELOW THE SURFACE..!!
..JUST BY ..WAVING YOUR HAND!
BUT, IT IS A HAND WHICH HOLDS... THE POWER COSMIC!
WE ARE DIRECTLY BENEATH THE BUNKER NOW!


ABOVE US...MANY PROTECTIVE DEVICES ...AND DEADLY ALARMS!
WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES WITH A SINGLE ONE!

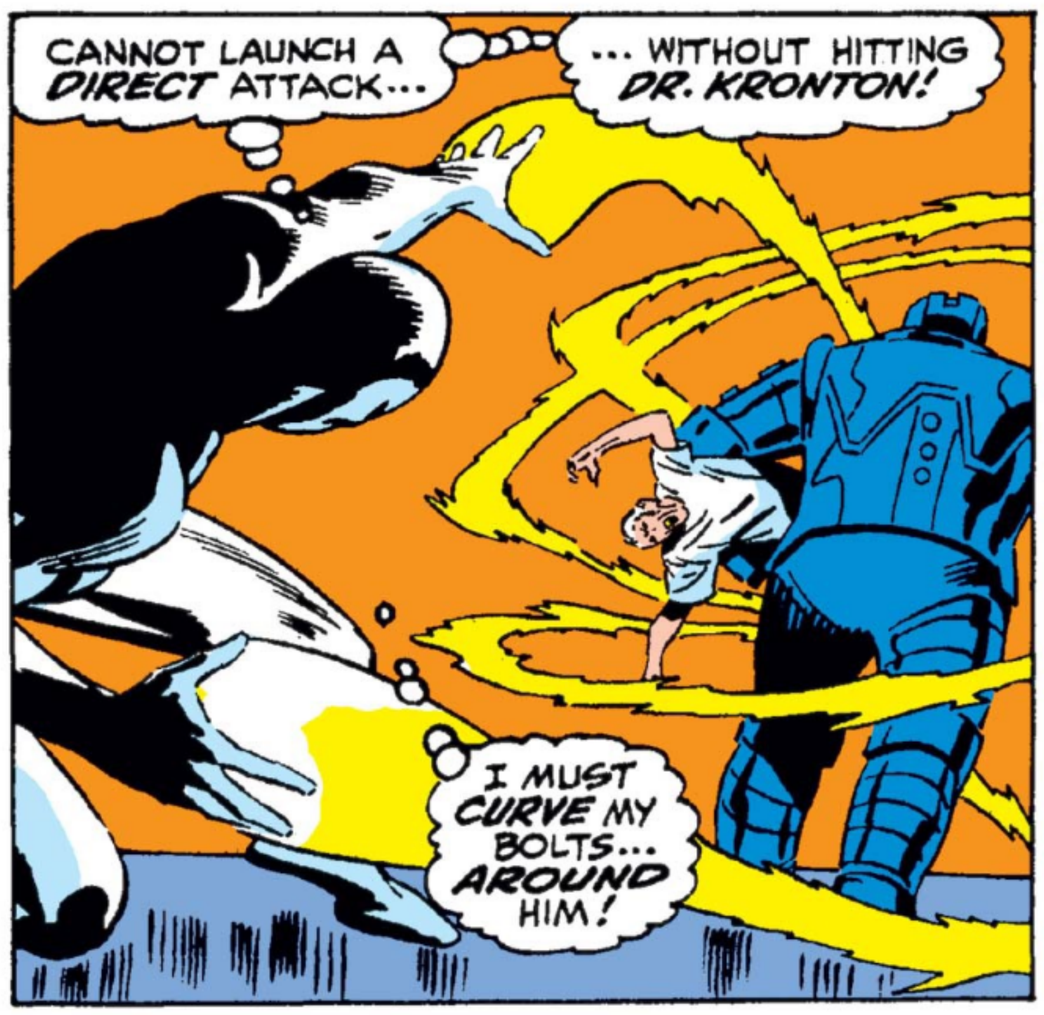

THUS, LET THEM ALL BECOME... DEFUSED!

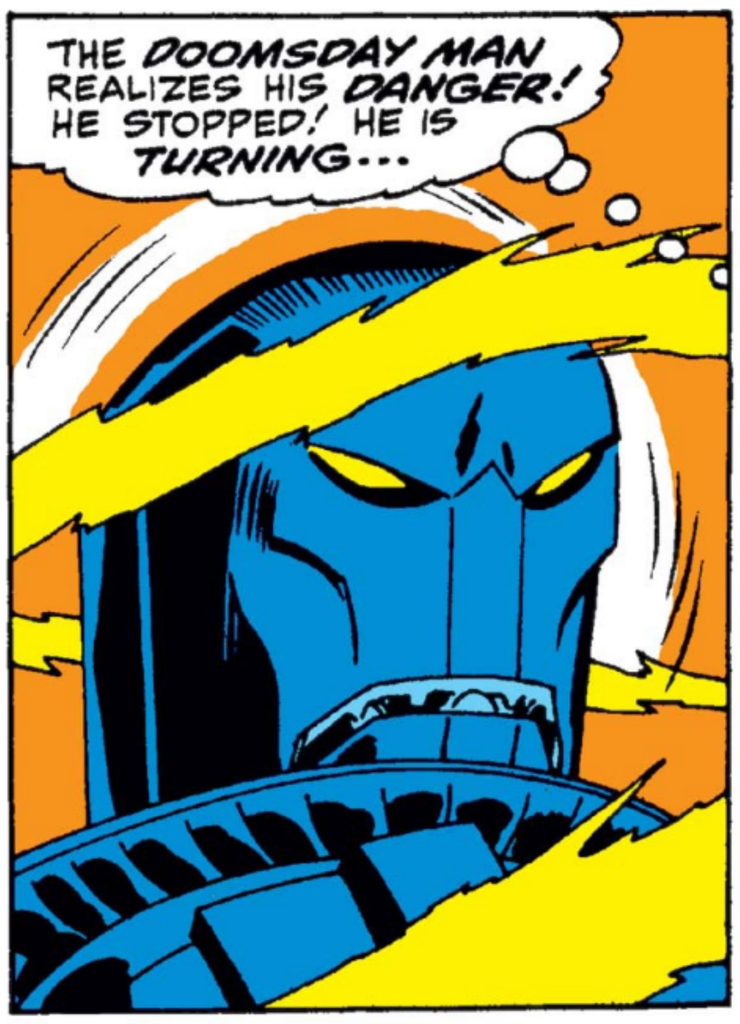

WE ARE WITHIN THE BUNKER! LOOK!! JUST AHEAD..!
THE MAIN CHAMBER.. WHERE THE ROBOT WAITS!


FLASH!

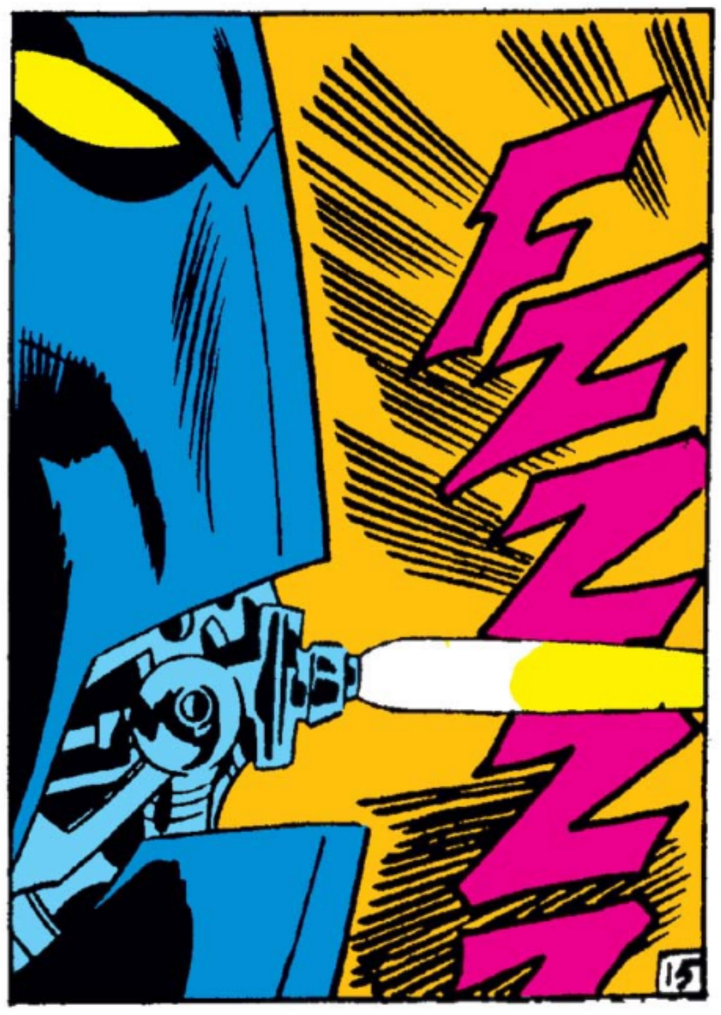
SURFER...HELP!! HE.. HE'S SEIZING ME!!

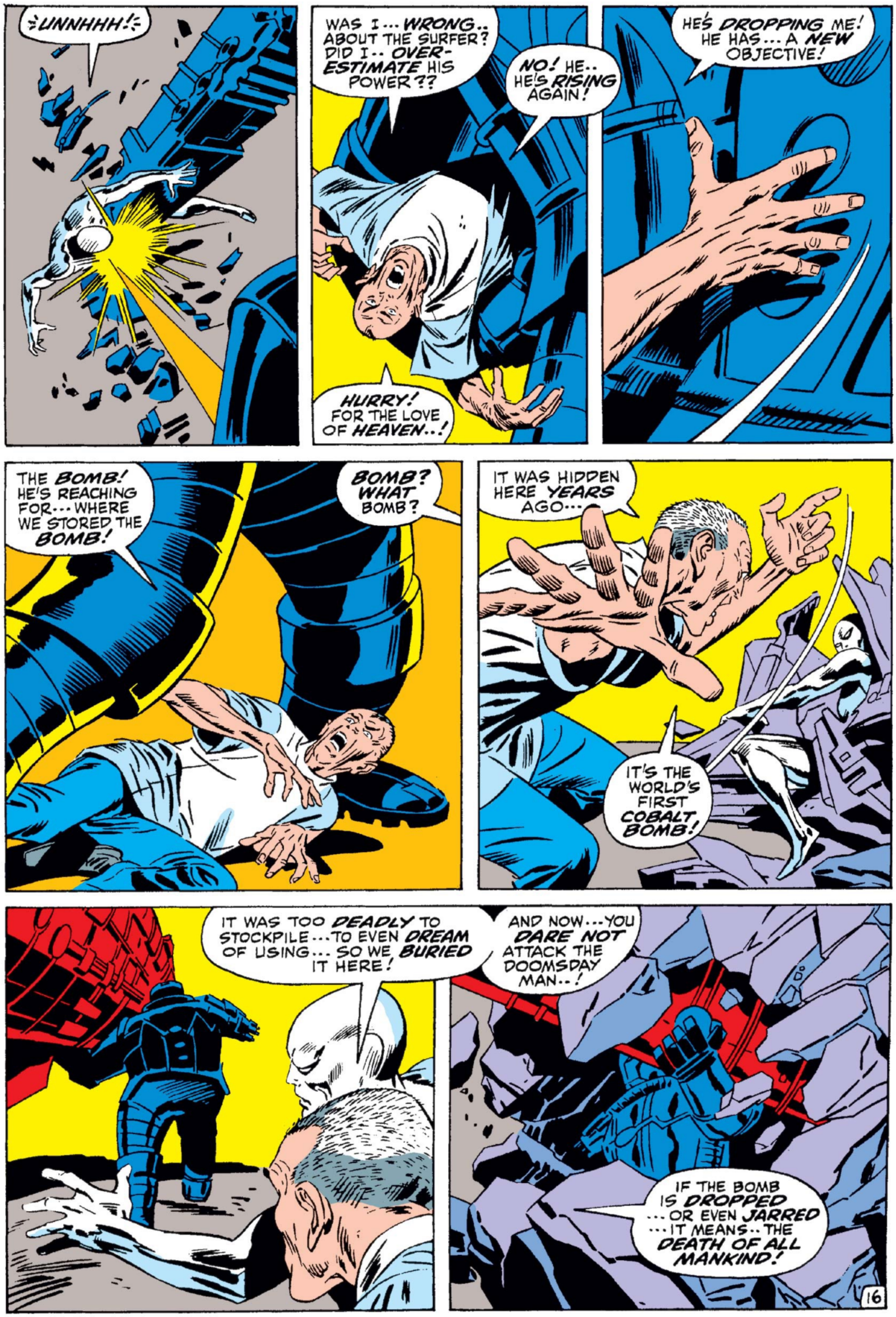
OUR WORST FEARS... WERE REALIZED!
HE'S ACTING ON HIS OWN ...WITHOUT ANY COMMANDS!
IF...YOU CAN'T STOP HIM... NO ONE WILL BE SAFE!

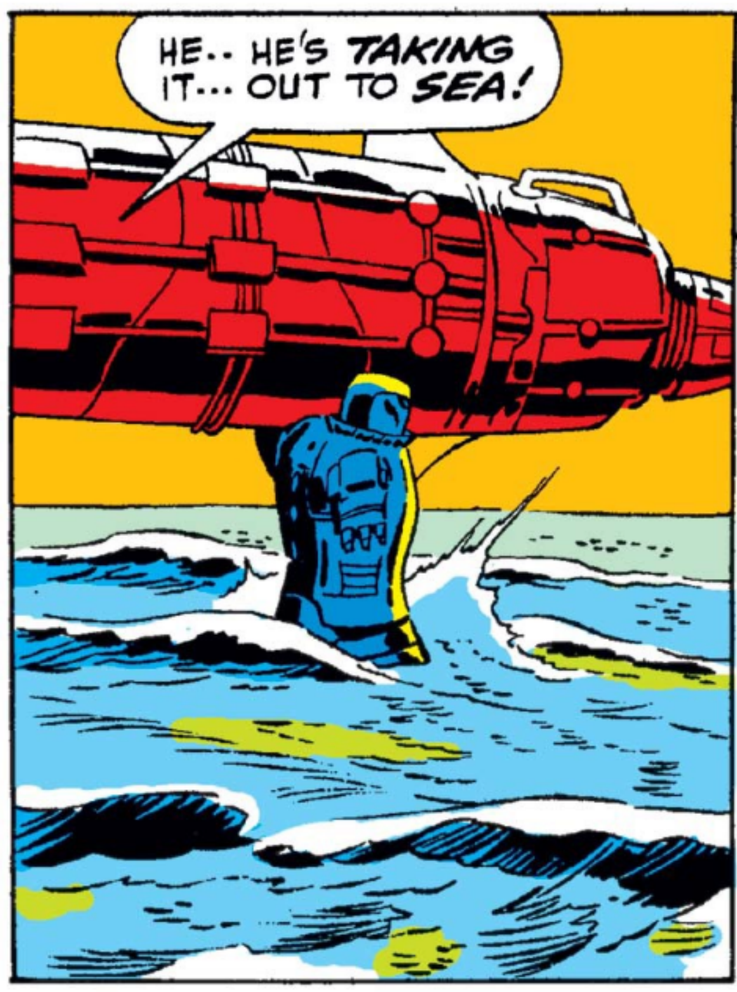

CANNOT LAUNCH A DIRECT ATTACK...
... WITHOUT HITTING DR. KRONTON!
I MUST CURVE MY BOLTS... AROUND HIM!


THE DOOMSDAY MAN REALIZES HIS DANGER! HE STOPPED! HE IS TURNING...

HIS METAL LIPS ARE SLOWLY PARTING! INSIDE ... SOME SORT OF WEAPON!


ZZZZ


:UNNHHH!:
WAS I... WRONG.. ABOUT THE SURFER? DID I.. OVER-ESTIMATE HIS POWER??
NO! HE.. HE'S RISING AGAIN!
HURRY! FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN..!
HE'S DROPPING ME! HE HAS... A NEW OBJECTIVE!
THE BOMB! HE'S REACHING FOR... WHERE WE STORED THE BOMB!
BOMB? WHAT BOMB?
IT WAS HIDDEN HERE YEARS AGO...
IT'S THE WORLD'S FIRST COBALT BOMB!
IT WAS TOO DEADLY TO STOCKPILE... TO EVEN DREAM OF USING... SO WE BURIED IT HERE!
AND NOW... YOU DARE NOT ATTACK THE DOOMSDAY MAN..!
IF THE BOMB IS DROPPED ... OR EVEN JARRED ... IT MEANS.. THE DEATH OF ALL MANKIND!


HE.. HE'S TAKING IT... OUT TO SEA!

WE MUST FOLLOW... FOR THERE IS MUCH I DO NOT UNDER-STAND!

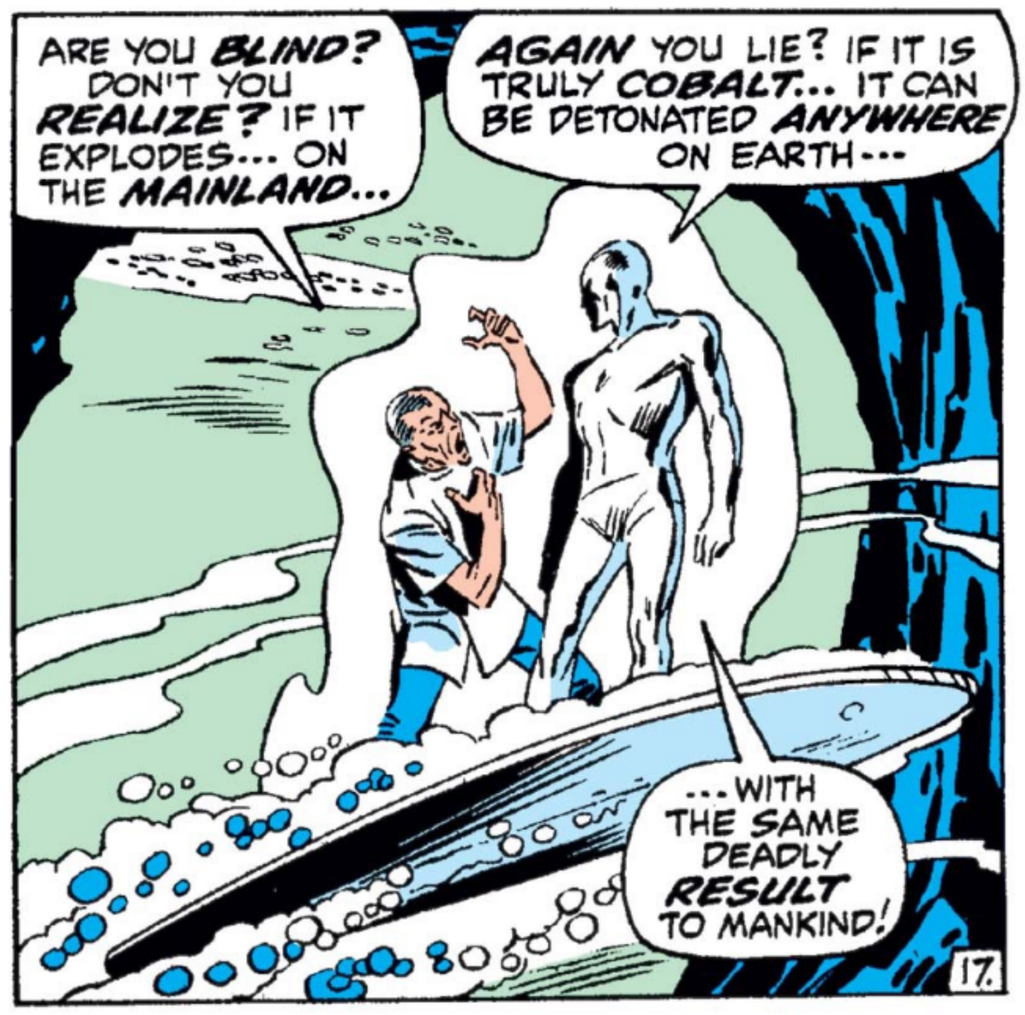
THERE IS MUCH YOU HAVE TOLD ME...
...WHICH I BELIEVE TO BE UNTRUE!

BUT, THE TIME FOR FALSEHOOD IS PAST!
AND WE WILL FOLLOW THE ROBOT ... INTO THE SEA!

ONCE AGAIN, MY COSMIC SHIELD WILL PROTECT YOU FROM THE ELEMENTS...

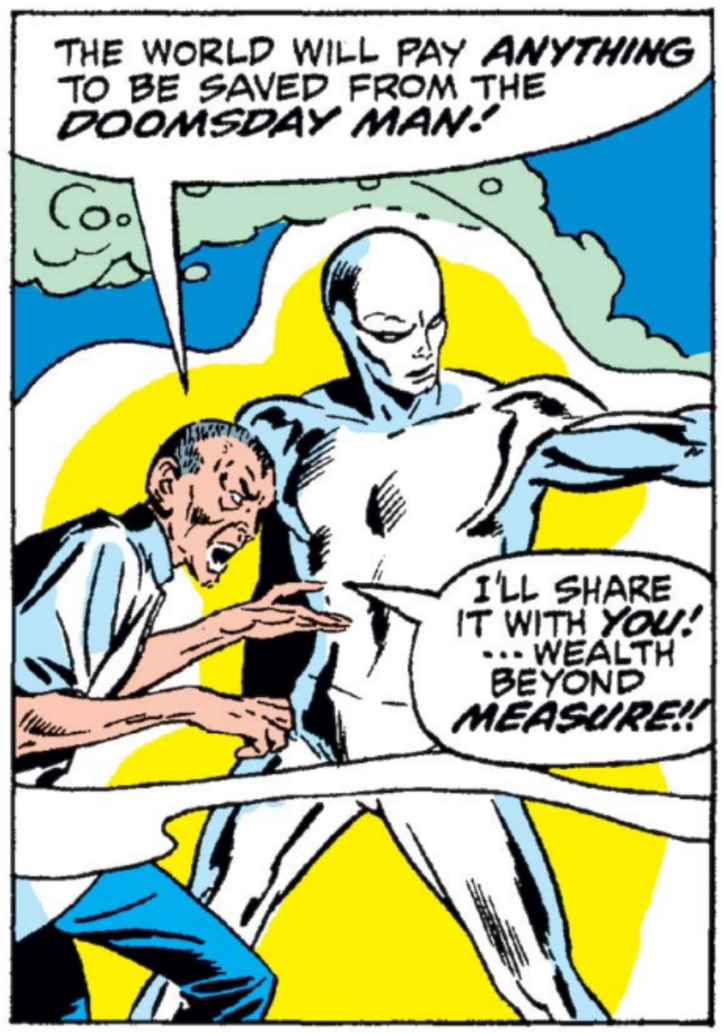
...THOUGH NOTHING CAN PROTECT YOU FROM THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR OWN DECEPTION!

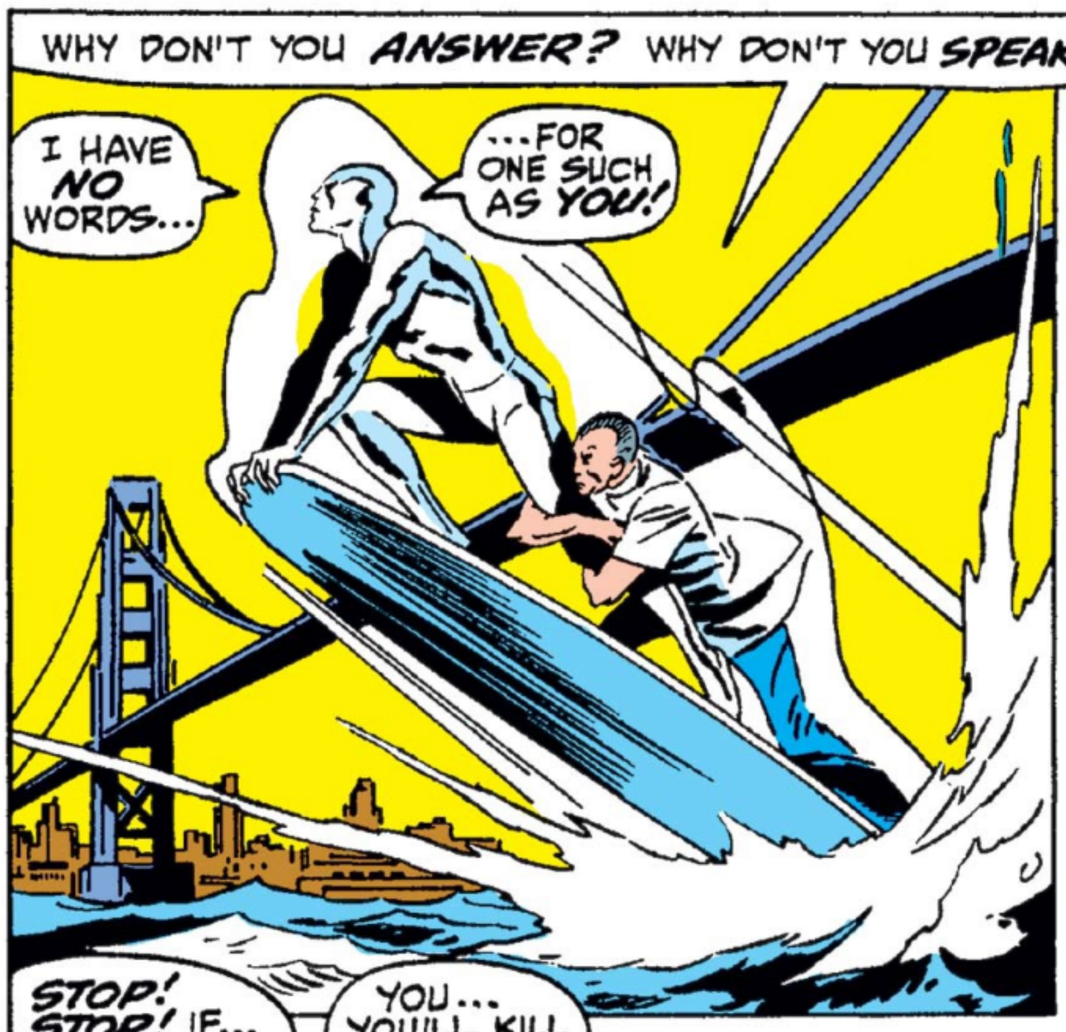
THE MAINLAND! HE'S BRINGING THE BOMB TO THE MAINLAND!
FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

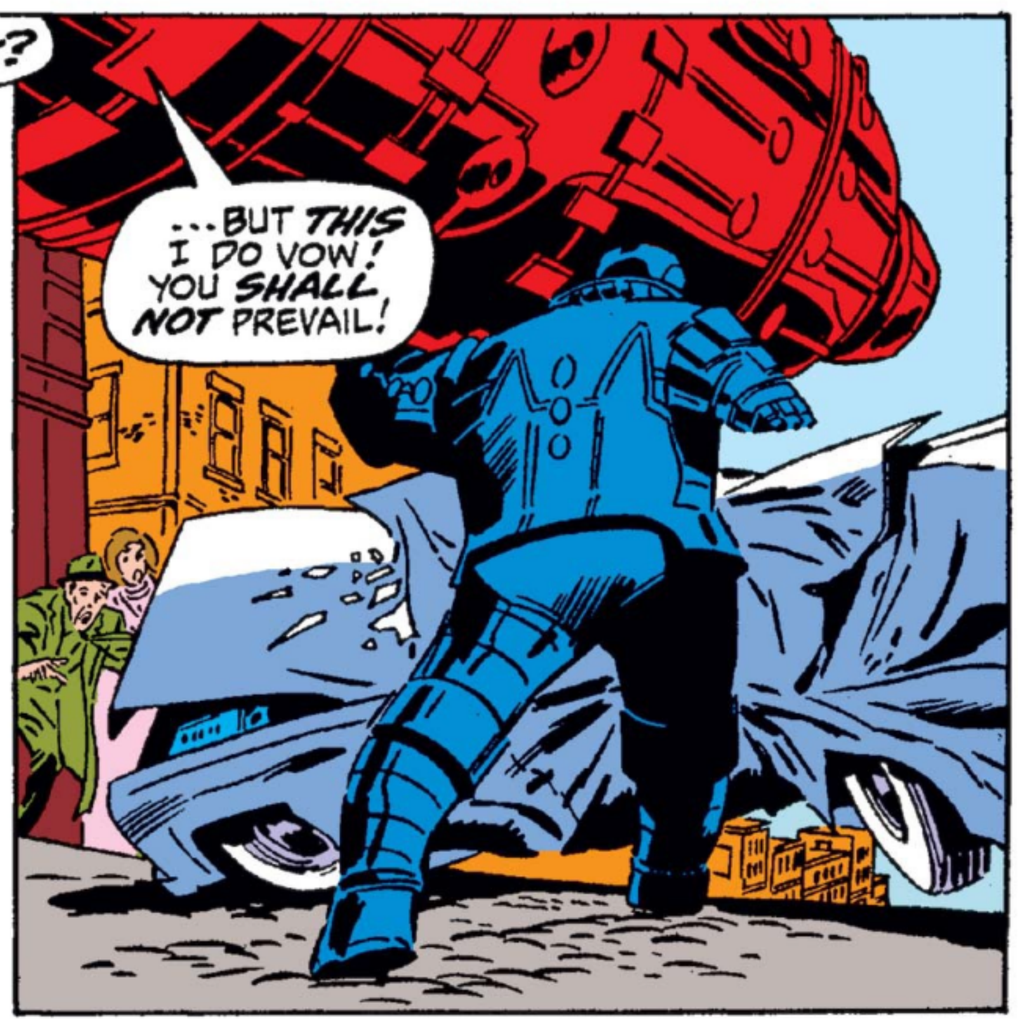

ARE YOU BLIND? DON'T YOU REALIZE? IF IT EXPLODES... ON THE MAINLAND...
AGAIN YOU LIE? IF IT IS TRULY COBALT... IT CAN BE DETONATED ANYWHERE ON EARTH...
...WITH THE SAME DEADLY RESULT TO MANKIND!

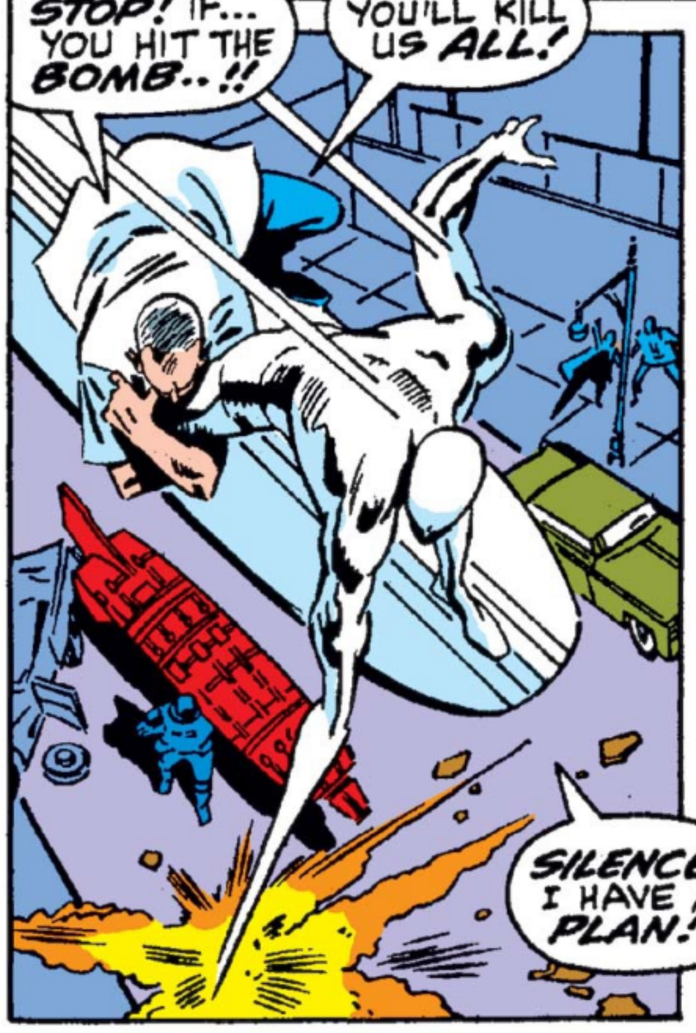
ALL RIGHT! I ADMIT IT! I DID LIE TO YOU! I PLANNED THE WHOLE THING!
I WANTED HIM FREE! I WANTED HIM TO REACH THE STATES ... WITH THE BOMB!

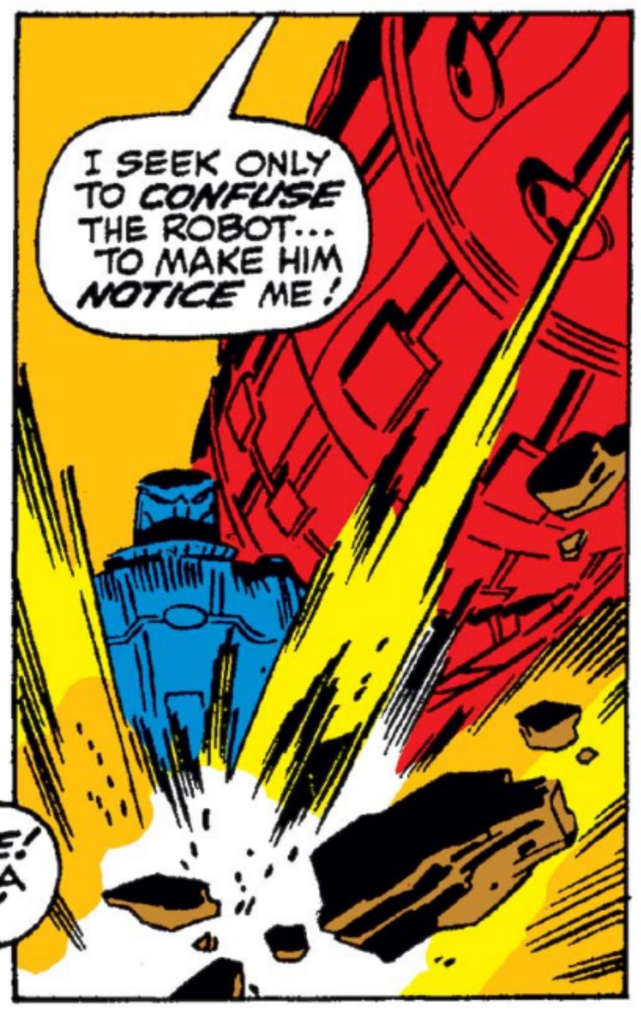
THERE IS A WAY TO STOP HIM ... TO CONTROL HIM! BUT I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS IT! IT WAS I WHO CREATED HIM!

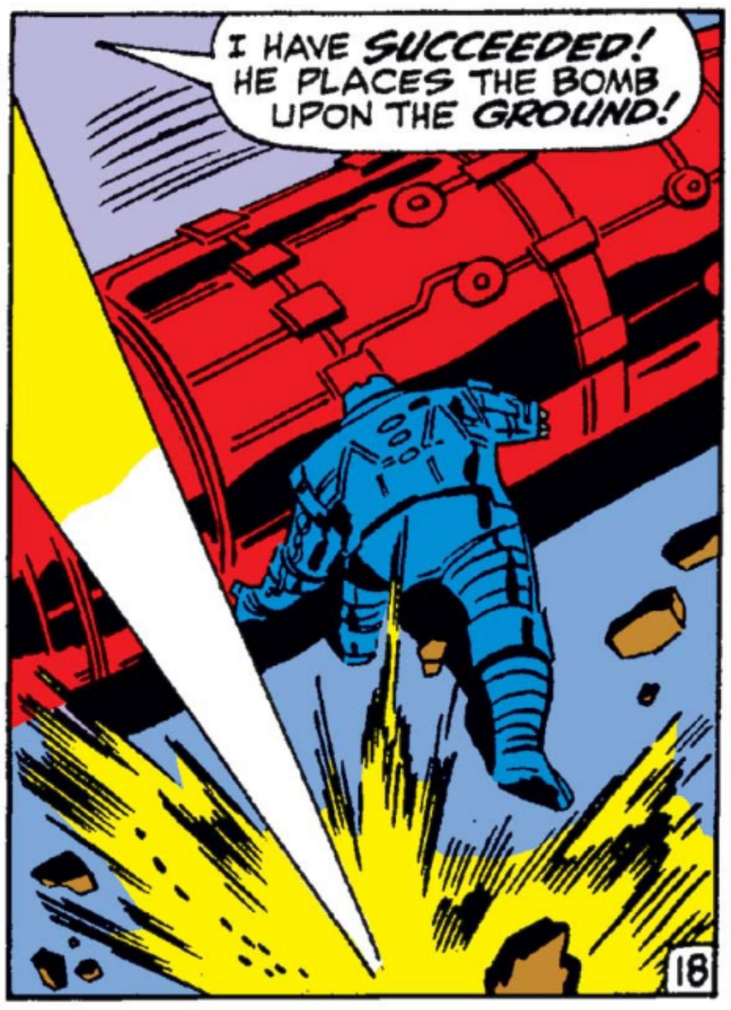

THE WORLD WILL PAY ANYTHING TO BE SAVED FROM THE DOOMSDAY MAN!
I'LL SHARE IT WITH YOU! ... WEALTH BEYOND MEASURE!!

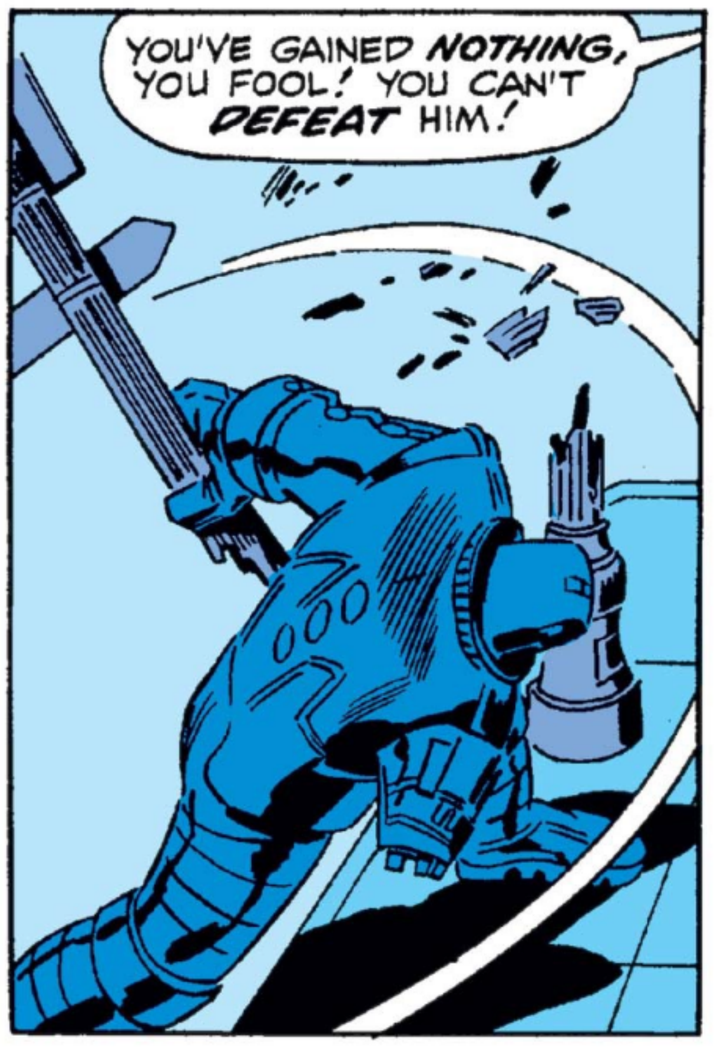

WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER? WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK?
I HAVE NO WORDS...
...FOR ONE SUCH AS YOU!

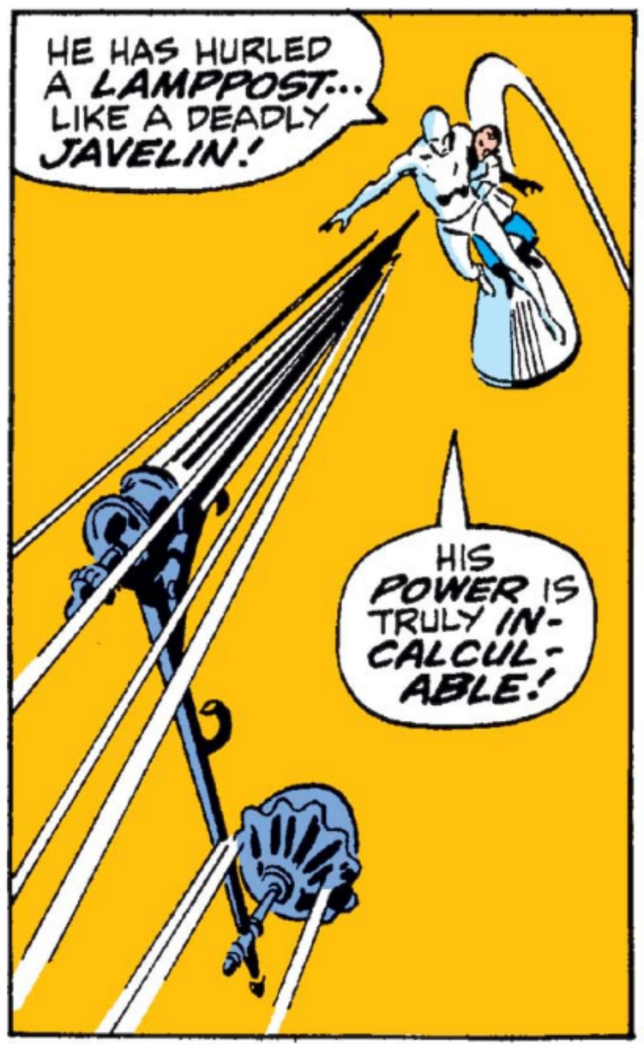

...BUT THIS I DO VOW! YOU SHALL NOT PREVAIL!

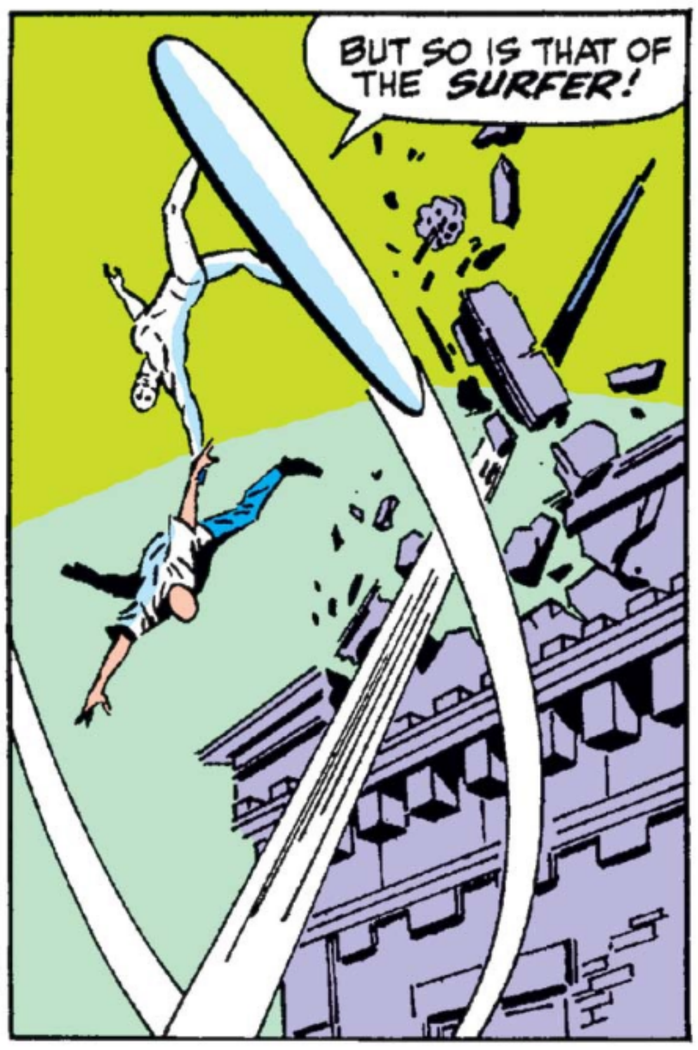

STOP! STOP! IF... YOU HIT THE BOMB..!!
YOU... YOU'LL KILL US ALL!
SILENCE! I HAVE A PLAN!

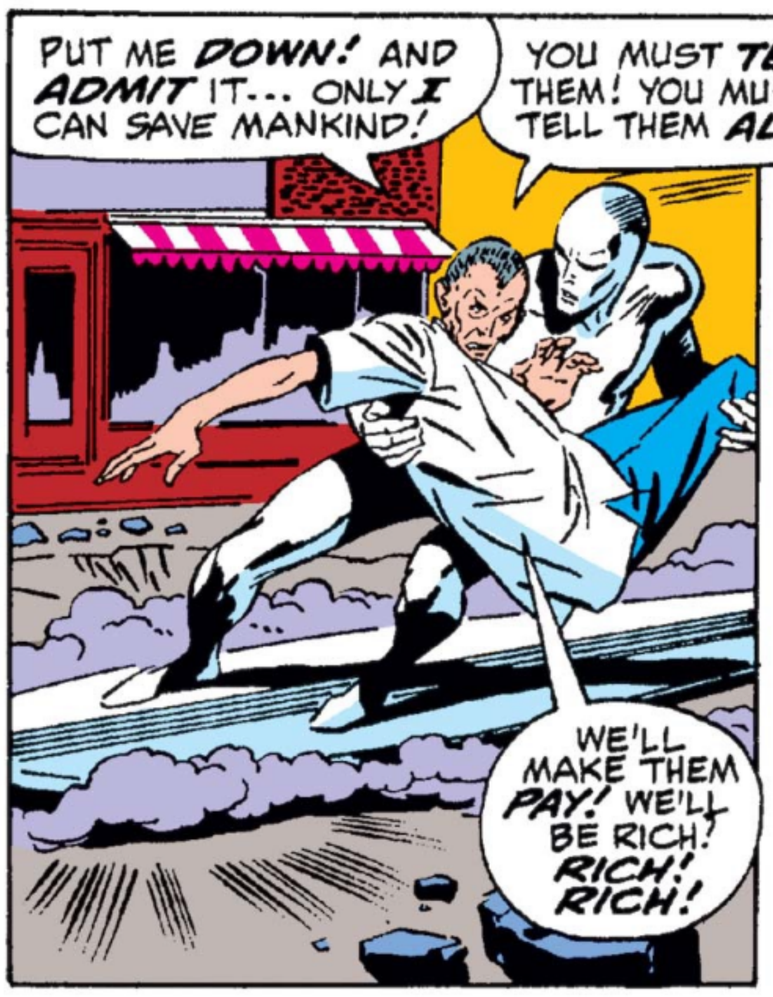

I SEEK ONLY TO CONFUSE THE ROBOT... TO MAKE HIM NOTICE ME!

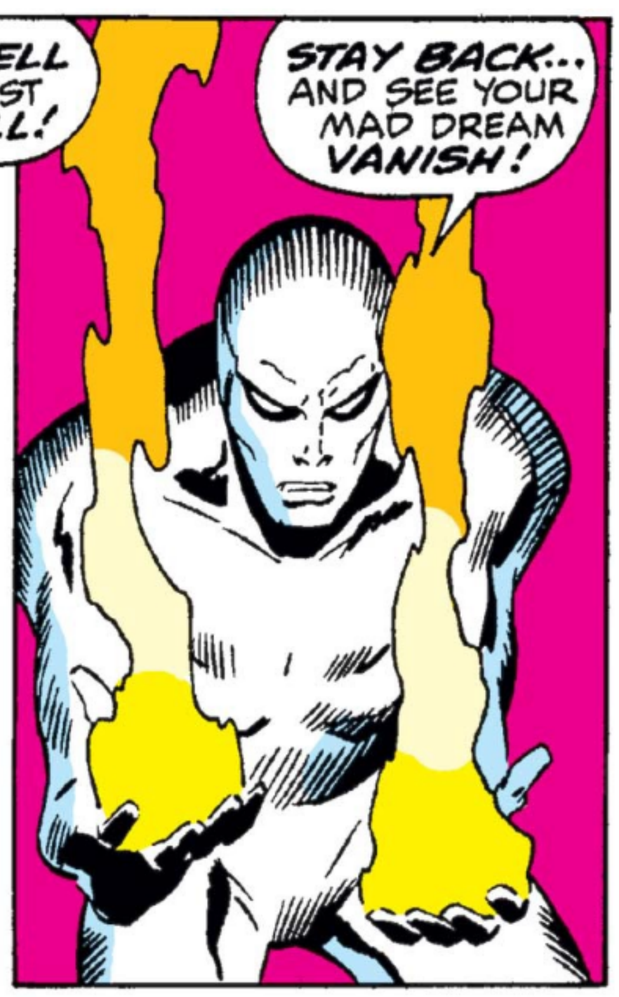

I HAVE SUCCEEDED! HE PLACES THE BOMB UPON THE GROUND!


YOU'VE GAINED NOTHING, YOU FOOL! YOU CAN'T DEFEAT HIM!


HE HAS HURLED A LAMPPOST... LIKE A DEADLY JAVELIN!
HIS POWER IS TRULY IN-CALCUL-ABLE!


BUT SO IS THAT OF THE SURFER!

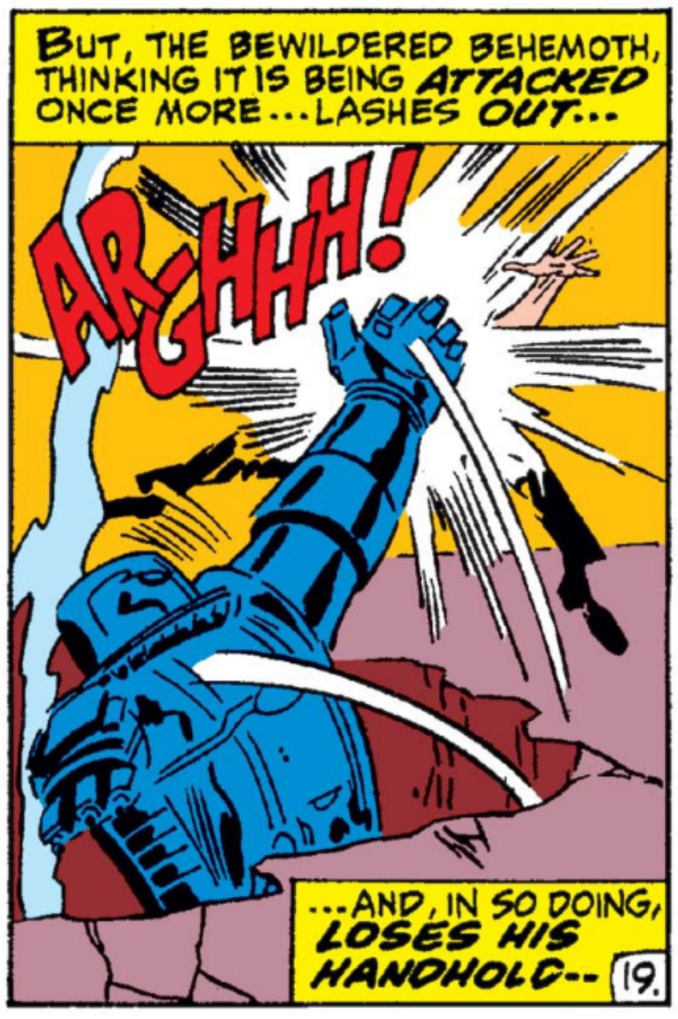

PUT ME DOWN! AND ADMIT IT... ONLY I CAN SAVE MANKIND!
YOU MUST TELL THEM! YOU MUST TELL THEM ALL!
WE'LL MAKE THEM PAY! WE'LL BE RICH! RICH! RICH!

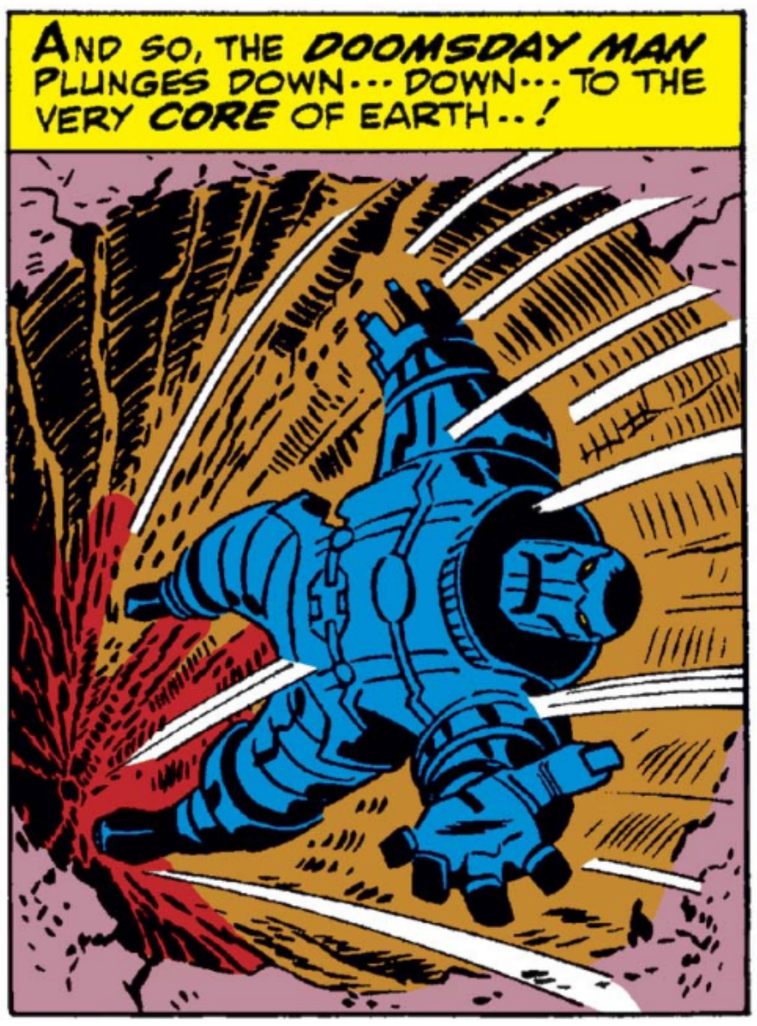

STAY BACK... AND SEE YOUR MAD DREAM VANISH!

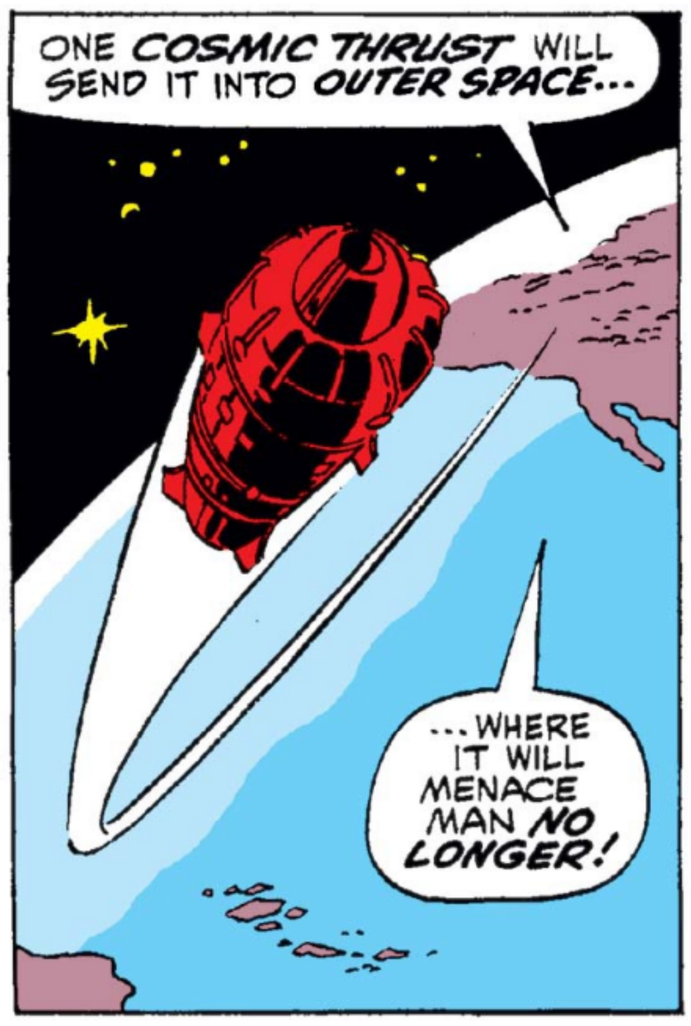
YOU'VE FAILED! YOUR COSMIC POWER ISN'T STOPPING HIM!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE BOMB! NOW IT'S UP TO ME, THE WORLD IS MINE!

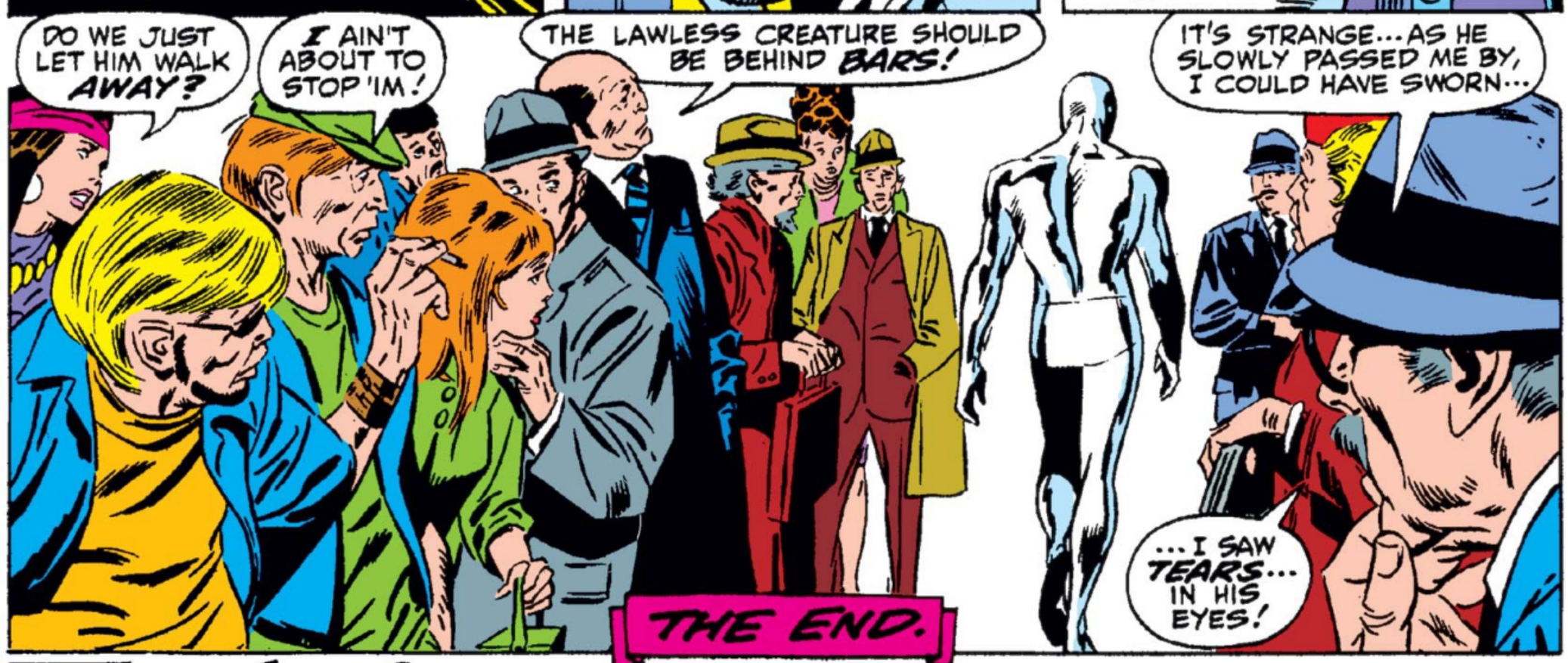
NOT YET! NOT WHILE I CAN BLAST A BOTTOMLESS PIT BENEATH HIS FEET--!
NO!
ZIT!

HOLD ON! DON'T FALL! I'LL GET YOU... I'LL SAVE YOU! YOU... MUSTN'T FALL!!


BUT, THE BEWILDERED BEHEMOTH, THINKING IT IS BEING ATTACKED ONCE MORE...LASHES OUT...
ARGHHH!
...AND, IN SO DOING, LOSES HIS HANDHOLD--







THE END.

NEXT: THE SURFER AND··· SPIDER-MAN!

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE SURFER?!

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 625 MADISON AVE. N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Dear Stan and John,

I would like to answer a fellow Jerseyite's complaint of SILVER SURFER #6 in a letter featured in #8. Alan Brennert stated that the universe is seemingly infinite and that it would take a lifetime to destroy all the life within it. I agree that the universe is infinite; yet the life existing within it could very well be finite. Therefore, the amount of time it would have taken the Overlord to destroy all the life in the universe would depend on how much life existed in the universe at that time. Even if there was a large amount of life existing, the Overlord would probably have various servants in different areas of the galaxy destroy the life on various worlds for him. If this were true, the total destruction of all life could be accomplished in a very small number of years.

By the way, I'd like to compliment you on creating the most imaginative and fascinating comic ever. The SILVER SURFER is my favorite comic, and the Lee-Buscema team is the best yet, only to be rivaled by the Lee-Colan team, and the Lee-Kirby team, and the Goodwin-Tuska team, and the . . . . . Thanks for reading my letter.

Joseph Scardigno, 1224 15th St.
Fort Lee, N.J. 07024

Sheesh, Joe, it's a good thing we're not running a world series! (What a draw that would be . . .!) We think we'll let you and Alan battle it out, cause if we told you the truth, we might get a commission from the Einstein Foundation, and then we'd never get our books out on schedule . . .

Dear Creative Minds,

The Surfer is no doubt the most compassionate "god" in the Marvel pantheon; this is possibly due to the fact that he is the most human. What makes him human? The touch of a blind girl's hand on his cheek touched not the silver coating, but the flesh beneath it to remind a "god" of his humanity. It reminded the Surfer of the highest human achievement, a rapport between two souls; it reminded him of Shalla Bal. It was she whom he followed to hell. It was she who sustained him there. She transformed him from a Christ figure (Galactus gave his only herald unto the earth) to Orpheus saving Eurydice from a Faustian Inferno. Gloryoshki, his problems are deep.

Still it is good that the Surfer is forever trapped upon the Earth now that the memory of Shalla Bal's love has been reawakened, because she no longer exists.

The Watcher is the oldest living person to achieve "godhead" in the Marvel pantheon; Galactus is the second. The Surfer is a relative newcomer and is the one who lost the most. He left a world and, most of all, a love behind. In the first issue of the Surfer, he mentions that it took eons of travelling the stars to block the memory, to let the wound in his heart scab over. Let's face it—travelling between the stars even at super-light speeds takes time. Subjective time for the Surfer would take centuries of objective time on his home world. And if his time is eons, then millenniums must have passed by back home. Unless Shalla Bal is as immortal as her memory, then she has long since returned to the ashes and dust from whence she came. Shalla and Norrin don't want to admit in their hearts that they are lost to each other. Their reunion in hell only served to strengthen the delusion they hold that time has stood still since they separated. It sparked the dream in which Shalla Bal seemed to reach out and almost touch the Surfer in ish #8. Though her body is mortal, her soul and love are immortal.

Now, what if the Surfer were free to return home and found that all had changed? If all he found was the dust of a long dead world, his sorrow would bring him back to earth, since this is the only other world he has some interest in. Perhaps the world did not die, but lives on. The scientist who sent Norrin Radd to his destiny might have placed Shalla Bal in suspended animation in the hope that Norrin may someday return.

If Shalla is "dead" for a time, then the Surfer becomes even more noble to battle in his despair. I leave it up to you to keep the Surfer from degrading himself into a protector of the nest.

You have to figure out what the Surfer must do to have Galactus grant him his freedom. You have to decide what to do with Shalla Bal once Norrin does get her. And you'll have to figure out what kind of thorn forest or seven evil dwarves there'll be to keep the reunion from being too easy . . .

Pfc. Dick Glass, 563-72-3076
HQ Co. USASAFS, VHFS, Warrenton, Va. 22186

We think you've been reading the wrong book, Dick, but in case we're really talking about the same thing, let it suffice for us to say, "We know something we won't tell . . .!"

KNOW YE THESE, THE HALLOWED RANKS OF MARVELDOM:

R.F.O. (Real Frantic One)—A buyer of at least 3 Marvel mags a month.

T.T.B. (Titanic True Believer) — A divinely-inspired 'No-Prize' winner.

Q.N.S. (Quite 'Nuff Sayer) — A fortunate frantic one who's had a letter printed.

K.O.F. (Keeper Of the Flame) — One who recruits a newcomer to Marvel's rollickin' ranks.

P.M.M. (Permanent Marvelite Maximus) —Anyone possessing all four of the other titles.

F.F.F. (Fearless Front-Facer) — An honorary title bestowed for devotion to Marvel above and beyond the call of duty.

Dear Stan and John,

Regarding the Silver Surfer—please get rid of his trunks! He was better before with no clothing at all. Giving him trunks and having him fight silly clods to stay off earth is ruining his image, and making him seem cheap. This is awful. I'm sure if you are really trying to reach a certain intellectual type of reader, you will express the beauty of the Surfer's celestial philosophy more, and cut the dull fights he might have. Make him less of a normal superhero, and more of a profound wanderer in exile.

Anyway, you're doing brilliantly!

Nabeel Audeh, Bireh-Ramallah
Via Israel, West Bank

To tell you the truth, Nabeel, we never thought the amount of clothes the Surfer wore had anything to do with his celestial philosophy, but if it makes you feel any better, would'ja believe it's so he won't catch cold???

Dear Stan and John,

I can't stand it! Take a good look at the Silver Surfer depicted in his sixth issue. He looks almost like a ninety-seven-pound weakling. Surfy has come from a super-human muscle-bound superhero to a puny nothing. What has happened? Please bring his muscles back!!!!

Steve Pizzi, 17 Stuyvesant Oval
NY, NY 10009

Y'know, Steve, an artist wouldn't be an artist if he didn't see things a bit differently from everyone else! So naturally, every penciller is going to do every book differently than the next. But if you can't find it in your heart (like we have) to let a guy do things his own way, maybe you'd better start saving up for a year's supply of Wheaties for the Surfer!

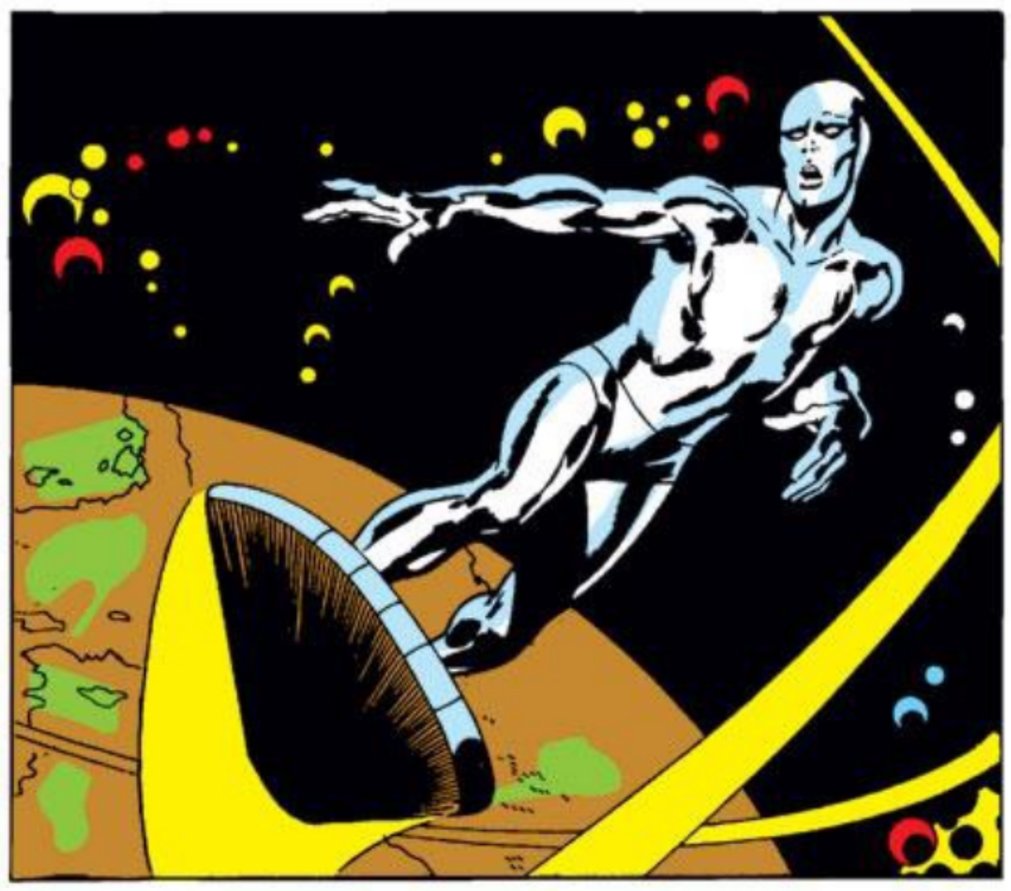
(And incidentally, what does the rest of Marveldom assembled think of the Surfer's physique? To our knowledge, Steve's the first guy to bring up the subject—though Bill Stonehouse, whose letter is printed elsewhere on this page, was a close second!)

To Mr. Lee and Mr. Buscema,

Thank you for SILVER SURFER #8. I was awaiting the return of the Monarch of Evil, Mephisto. He is the only true evil entity you've had in the SURFER. The artwork was beautiful, as usual, and I am glad that the SURFER will be published monthly. My only regret is that Tales of the Watcher seems gone again. But at the bottom of the checklist you said, "Mighty Marvel Moves Ahead!" I hope this means a new strip for him. Bring back stories like "I, the Gargoyle!" The last statement was so true—"In truth, the time must one day come when all men 'see' with their hearts as well as their eyes! Then, will mankind know the meaning of Heaven on Earth!" Peace.

Laurence MacDonald, 262 Roywood Dr.
Don Mills 401, Ontario, Canada

Likewise, Larry, and our hope is that we'll be around when that day comes.



Dear Stan and John,

"High o'er the roof of the world he soars . . . Free and unfettered as the roaring wind itself! Behold the sky-born spanner of a trillion galaxies . . . The restless, streaking stranger from the farthest reach of space . . . This glistening, gleaming seeker of truth, whom men shall call forevermore, the SILVER SURFER!"

These were the words that introduced the Silver Surfer in his own mag in issue number one. Since then, you have taken away his wax and simonize job, put him on a diet, and turned him into an albino.

In issue #7, Paul Snyder points this out when he mentions the Surfer's "shiny image." You answered him by saying you did not want to fall into a rut. Well, I liked the Surfer with his muscles and wax job. In one of your Bullpen Bulletins you said Marvel tries to satisfy its readers, and if the majority of readers want a change, you will do it. I propose a vote, a vote to see which Surfer we Marvelites prefer. I cast my vote for the waxy, impersonal, omnipotent Silver Surfer as he was introduced in the Fantastic Four a while back. I could end my letter with something corny like "Yours till the Surfer wipes out," but I won't. Thanks for listening.

Bill Stonehouse, 7224 Oakland St.
Phila., Pa. 19149

We sort of think you're part of a minority, Bill, but if there are some diehards around who dig that 'impersonal' stuff, we'll be glad to let them write to us—and you !

Dear Stan and John,

This is my first letter to a comic mag, but it definitely will not be the last if you keep up with the last two issues. I don't think I've ever read a better story in any magazine, and I'm a voracious comic reader.

The Surfer came up against his two greatest foes in Mephisto and the Flying Dutchman. I come from the area where the Flying Dutchman legend began—where the people sighted the ghost ship sailing through the skies near New Haven Harbor. I think you utilized the legend perfectly, as no one knows for sure what happened to the ship and crew.

I hope we see much more of Mephisto. He gave the story just the right atmosphere. I could almost smell the brimstone myself. Perhaps you could find it in your hearts to bring the Dutchman from his eternal rest once more. Maybe in his gratitude for the Surfer, he could fight on his side—to settle his final score, let's say.

One more thing—don't ever change the dialogue style of the SURFER—it suits the mood of the mag, sort of musical and flowing. Speaking of flowing, I'd better close the dam or you'll be reading this letter past the deadline of your next ish!

Patricia Hazen, 381 3rd Ave.
West Haven, Conn.

Thanks, Pat, we sort of heard those violins a'playing too . . . Of course, we can't let the cat out of the bag about our future plans, but if you'd like some advice—keep your eyes peeled to the harbor!